



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Law without justice is as a wound without a cure.—Downey.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful by words.—J. Brown.

We never know how much we love until we try to unlove.—Mrs. Stowe.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is of misery.—Sir J. Suckling.

Ignorance is a dangerous but spiritual poison, which all men ought warily to shun.—O. Gregory.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—S. Smiles.

Above all things we should have a care to keep the body from diseases, and the soul from ignorance.—Pythagoras.

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world; it is our false opinions of things which ruin us.—Aurelius.

The sting of every reproachful speech is the truth of it, and to be conscious is that which gives keenness to the invective.—R. South.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence, if you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.—Horace Mann.

Spiritual light is to the soul what solar light is to the field. Nothing can bloom or ripen in either without it. Each has its central source.—World's Advance Thought.

Every reader reads himself out of the book that he reads; nay, has he a strong mind, reads himself into the book, and amalgamates his thoughts with the author's.—Goethe.

There is a key that will open every lock, if we know how to use it; and so with life, there is a right path for every one, if they will only search to find it.—Christopher Anderson.

Soul and mind are different. The human mind is the mirror in which is reflected the human soul; the human soul the mirror in which is reflected the Divine Mind.—World's Advance Thought.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living; these we would not exchange for the pleasure or the bursts of revelry.—W. Irving.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a select company.—Addison.

There is no sin which doth more deface God's image than intemperance; it disguiseth a person, and doth even unman him; it is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murderer of conscience.—S. Watton.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## New Fields for Scientific Investigation.

Spiritualism is destined to give rise to some new and startling theories at no very distant day; it can not be expressed mathematically; it can not be weighed or measured; but before it can be scientifically investigated by thorough scientists some new method for determining the quantity and quality of what is variously denominated as odic force, magnetism, etc., will have to be devised. To the scientific world mesmerism remains to-day under lock and key; that the key will be found who can doubt? The present century has given rise to men who have discovered the theory of wave motion, the atomic theory, etc., which has placed the Bible where it belongs, among the histories of by-gone ages; but it is beginning to dawn on men's minds that the labors of science are yet in their early childhood. What, save some of the bare effects, can science tell us of the properties inherent in a piece of magnetic iron ore? But materialistic science is doing a grand work for Spiritualism; it is enabling thinking men to better comprehend the fact that in nature lie wonderful forces, strong and powerful, yet silent, unseen and unfelt by the untrained and unaided human senses. What a revelation lies in the demonstrated fact that the hottest rays of the sun are dark to the sense of vision, or that waves of light may be polarized, or that through a closed door, between the atoms that compose the fibre of the wood, the ether of space finds room to pass, and through it what is called the magnetic fluid may freely pass almost unimpeded in its progress. Such ideas are necessary to the human intellect before it can at all comprehend the passage of spirit through matter. In the unseen rays of the sun lies the analogy necessary to aid man to understand that his eyes can not be trusted to reveal all nature's secrets. At each end of the spectrum are two invisible colors, florescence and colorescence, yet under peculiar conditions, by the trained eye, a glance of these strange colors has been caught. Science teaches us there are sights we have not seen, sounds we have not heard, and mysteries not solved.

Among great scientists there are very few Spiritualists. A great scientist is a great man with a trained mind; each has his own peculiar lines of study and thought, and follows them to the exclusion of others. Spiritualism, possessing as yet no accurate rules, no tangible system, its believers, at least most of them, with untrained minds; and with the facts of frequent exposures of public mediums, scientists would, it seems to me, be unwise to leave their present lines of study, fraught with such wonderful revelations so necessary to man, and pursue what must strike them as a chimera.

Some years ago Tyndall, believing there might be some undiscovered physical principle underlying spiritual phenomena that he, with his trained mind might discover, and so benefit mankind by showing them the phenomena was purely physical, visited a medium; he heard a few "raps," but as to the best of his knowledge and belief, these were made by the medium, he naturally came to the conclusion that they were fraudulently produced. The raps came from under the table, close to the medium, so he got down under the table and sat for some time, watching the place. While there, no raps were heard; no other conclusion than that they were produced at will by the medium was tenable for such a mind as his; and no Spiritualist would, under the circumstances, have come to any other conclusion in regard to these particular raps, were he not fanatical, than did Prof. Tyndall. But, suppose Prof. Tyndall had heard what thousands of intelligent, thinking men and women have heard, say when sitting alone with some dear friend, on whose honor he could depend, independent raps, not confined to any particular location, but from behind, above or below, were heard; suppose these raps claimed through laws as natural and no harder to comprehend than the law of magnetism of the lump of iron ore; and suppose, as often happens, they reveal to the sitters something they never knew before, but which they may afterwards verify, as is also often the case, and say that life was continuous, what interpretation can Prof. Tyndall, or any thinking man, place on

these oft-repeated actual circumstances? There is only one, and that is the one placed on them by Messrs. Crooks and Wallace, and by every intelligent man and woman whose intellects had been so trained that they were prepared to judge, after careful investigation, not before.

Among the peculiarities of Spiritualistic communications that can not fail to strike even the skeptical but intelligent observer, is the fact, that while the particulars are very dissimilar, there is a wonderful similarity about generalities; whatever may be said about the individual life and surroundings of the spirit communicating, they all assert there is no death, as mortals understand the term, life being continuous and progressive, and this statement concerning mind is harmonious with the scientific statement that there is no death in the atoms of physical matter, only progression. I might mention many generalities, both physical and mental, but the above is sufficient for my purpose here; as to the particulars, about which most spirit communications differ somewhat, they are a proof of their human origin.

Before closing this article, which is already longer than I intended, I will quote at random a few sentences from the communications made by a youthful spirit wife to her mortal husband, from one to two years after the death of herself and only child. In life this lady was lovely and accomplished, of a bright, cheerful disposition, and wise beyond her years, being like her husband, liberal minded, and of a scientific turn, and possessing, moreover, a genius for art; the communications being made by raps to her husband while he sat with an old friend in his own room, he calling the alphabet, arranged in a peculiar way, she, in company with a number of spirits who assisted her in gathering into convenient form for use, the magnetism evolved by the two mortal sisters, tapping on the table or elsewhere to indicate the letter she wished to use, while he wrote them down in order and formed words and sentences from them, a peculiarity of the raps being, that where emphasis was desired the raps were much louder than usual.

"Live and learn, do good, life is short;" "I am crying all the time when you are so unhappy;" "I am very sorry I had to leave you alone in flesh, but you are not alone in spirit;" "Try and trust me in all things;" "You must live to do honor to our good name;" "Crime is punished in every case, never think of suicide, I love you too well not to tell you what is best;" "You make me so happy when you are feeling in good spirits;" "We were very happy for a short time on earth, but we will be a great deal happier after a few years for all eternity;" "Love like ours is the grandest and most beautiful thing in all nature;" "I am sorry you feel you are alone, I am never alone, I am always with you and baby when you are not at work;" "Our baby is the prettiest baby you ever saw, he is growing nicely;" "You are a model husband;" "I would like to say something sweet to you, but what can I say before all these jolly girls who are helping me? I am too nervous;" "I am lonesome when I am not with you, I have to try very hard to keep you in good spirits when you are feeling bad, it makes me feel badly, though against all reason, when you are fretting;" "You are the light of my soul, Oh! how I hate to stop talking when the power is almost gone;" "When you are asleep I sit on the bed and make plans about the future;" "The reason I do not say more important things about spirit life is because there are many things we can not tell to mortals, and I rather say something about our own affairs than to try and tell you of this great life;" "There are thousands of years of exquisite happiness before us to make us forget what we have suffered on earth;" "We are prettier here than when on earth;" "The truth of Spiritualism is seldom made known unless it is necessary for some good end, and can only be learned aright by those having proper qualifications for understanding it."

But I might fill columns with such quotations, and I doubt their interest to the general reader, as I can present no evidence of their spiritual origin.

In conclusion I will state that if this article, which is the first I have written for publication on this subject, possesses any value I will be pleased to make further contributions from time to time as I am able.

## Mind and Matter.

[Charles M. Loran, M. D., LL. D., in The Mind Cure and Science of Life.]

Mind is a thinking, acting, intelligent power of eternal existence. Science knows nothing of its origin, nature or destiny apart from the human brain, which is its only terrestrial abode.

Matter is a quiescent, inert substance, which occupies space. In some form or other, matter is as eternal as mind. It is changeable in form, but indestructible in nature. There are only two known entities in space and time; mind and matter. Does life come from matter or from mind? Matter has no life in itself, therefore it can not give life to anything else. It never thinks or moves of itself, it is always passive, and only acts as it is acted upon. Analyze an atom or a world of atoms, and you can find no life in one or in a million. There is no proof that matter ever produced a living being. Give a materialist a jelly-fish, or any living creature, and he will soon make a monkey or gorilla. But how does he account for the origin of life? He will never find it in mud-philosophy, because out of nothing nothing comes. There is no life in matter. Why not try mental philosophy?

Mind therefore must be the real source of life. No mind however, created all things out of nothing, as something existed eternally. Space and time existed of necessity. Primary matter also existed eternally. The earth, however, is not eternal. If it were, all the mountains and the hills would have long ago crumbled into dust, by the finger of time. Mind is known by its works, thought, reason and understanding. It is a power which has an innate living motion. Thought, reason, and understanding are not mind, but the result of mind. Mind thinks, and wills from its own innate impulses and emotions. What a wonderful capacity has mind for acquiring knowledge; no limits can be set to the sphere of its action. Great achievements are performed by the human mind. By the aid of the telescope the philosopher scans the starry heavens, and brings within his view unknown worlds. Taking the microscope in hand he can see a world of animated nature upon a single leaf of the vegetable kingdom. He dives into the waters of the mighty deep and grasps the latent power of steam, making it turn with gigantic force the iron arms of machinery. See him climbing the lofty skies on scientific wings, seizing the spirit of the thunderbolt, fixing it to our planet, annihilating distance, surpassing the wings of time and flashing our thoughts across the rolling wastes of the trackless deep, to distant continents. By the mariner's compass he guides his way over perilous oceans and holds communion with the inhabitants of the most distant lands. Mark him soaring upward and onward into the regions of the worlds above us, counting their numbers, measuring their orbits, and watching their mighty revolutions around each other. Thus he makes the elements of nature bend to his will and obey his behest.

The finest of the fine arts, however, is the art of doing good. What is real good but truth? To discover truth and to do right, is to solve life's problem. Toil on, ye seekers after truth; explore, invent, improve, whatever is useful to mankind, in art, in science or in true philosophy. There are harbors along the course of time that have never been explored. The boundless, unexplored lies still before you. Fear nothing but ignorance and falsehood. It is eternally right to do good to all. This is an age of doubt, of fear, and of suffering. Old dogmas, and old theories, are crumbling to dust, and are driven like chaff before the wind by the march of truth and reason. Any philosophy or religion which is founded upon dogmas or theories must perish. But a philosophy, a science which is planted upon the eternal rock of truth and reason must survive all other systems. The world is sick of beliefs and theories. This practical age will have nothing but real facts. Every honest seeker after truth who wants to benefit humanity and have a seat in "the temple of fame which shines afar," must leave forever the fossil remains of materialism and dogmas, and join the great army of mental philosophers who have truth, reason and light to lead them on forever in the path of true felicity. Bear aloft to heaven, the unstained banner of truth; then, sin, error, pain, sickness and death

will disappear. Truth is mighty and will prevail against ignorance, sorrow and woe.

The degeneracy of humanity is exciting the most anxious solicitude of all good people. Unless a radical change is soon instituted in medical science, health will bid a mournful farewell to our successors. The art of healing is founded upon anatomy and physiology. Anatomy, physiology and pathology, however, are far from maturity, and they are very complex sciences. These facts combined with the artificial manner of living adopted by the people of our time, account for the alarming increase of disease. We study natural, scientific and spiritual laws, but forget the laws of health. What are all the laws of nature but mind working? Therefore the greatest, the noblest study of humanity is mind. The most prevalent disease of to-day is the mind disease, caused of money fever. Gold is the most popular god of to-day. What is gold but poison? Who can minister to such diseased minds? Extract this yellow poison from the mind and give it truth, justice and honesty instead, then we shall have health for disease, sanity for insanity, felicity for misery. Most people are more or less insane on some favorite subject which may be called their hobby. A perfectly sane person is a healthy person. Disease, therefore, is a morbid condition of the mind. A sane mind is the greatest good, an insane mind is the greatest evil. Mathematically speaking whatever exists must have its opposite. Evil, therefore, must be as eternal as the good. This is the great conflict of ages. Whatever exists now, existed eternally, and must exist for ever. This conflict must go on forever. Is this not an eternal act? How can it be an eternal fact without being necessity? The body can not live without food, neither can mind exist in a sound condition without a stimulus. Reasonable excitement therefore is necessary for good health. Too much excitement is as great an evil as too little. Truth is usually found between two extremes. An enlightened sound mind, therefore, is the safest and best remedy for all the ills of humanity.

"O tell me, mighty mind,  
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?  
Call on the sun? or ask the roaring winds  
For their Creator? Shall I question loud  
The thunder, if in that the Almighty dwells?  
Or holds he furious storms in straightened reins?  
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?  
The nameless He! whose nod in nature's birth  
And nature's shield the shadow of his hand;  
Her dissolution his suspended smile!  
The great First, Last! pavilioned high he sits  
In darkness, from excessive splendor borne,  
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.  
His glory, to create glory, bright,  
As that to central horrors; he looks down  
On all that soars, and spans immensity."

## "Holy Hill."

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

The opening services of what is known as "Holy Hill," located twenty-five miles north of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, took place May 24th. The hill is noted among Catholics for the many remarkable cures that have been worked on invalids who have made a pilgrimage there. The hill, which is crowned by a little stone church, the objective point of all pilgrimages, rises out of a rolling prairie. From the top the range of vision embraces seven counties. The church inside is well filled with crutches and staffs left by pilgrims who have gone away whole. The attendance was extremely large, reaching into the thousands, many coming from great distances to participate in the opening.

The scene as the opening chants rang out on the still air was interesting. Not near all those who were in attendance could get inside the church, and the unfortunate ones were scattered about the church and at the stations of the cross which have been erected along the parkway that winds up the hill. Solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. N. M. Zimmer, assisted by Fathers Spitt and Shimers. The service was elaborate and impressive, and was entered into with the greatest earnestness by the pilgrims.

The cures wrought at these shrines are, no doubt, performed by those spirits who are interested in working in connection with the Catholic Church. At "Holy Hill" is one focus of their power.

THE main building of the New Orleans Exposition, which cost over \$500,000, was put up at auction the other day, and the highest bid received for it was \$9,050.



## DAY OF REST.

(Written by spirit H. B. Kenyon, for his son H. B. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minn., and applied for the Golden Gate.)

To-day is given unto us to rest and gain strength for the to-morrow. To-day we commune with our inner selves and our hearts turn to their dearest treasure, for there lies perfect repose and communion sweet. Each and all forget in a measure, business cares, closing the door, and outside tumult is but dimly heard. We do not all seek the same way of obtaining rest; it matters not, so we find it free from stain. In the Summer Land there is a day set apart from all others to commune with God and his treasures. We differ in religious views, but not as strongly as in earth life; while some find their rest in answering the distant church bell, others seek the wood or lake, all being in sympathy with our Savior, and each obtaining good results.

Often on returning from service we meet little children coming from the woodland with arms and head trimmed with flowers, vines or anything which pleased the happy little hearts; always giving some to any they meet who have none. Little ones are taught to reverence our Savior here as in earth life. Often I hear a little prattler remark, "Oh, I wish I could give dear Jesus this pretty flower." Often on a Sunday (or, as we call it,) a memorial day, little ones will make wreaths or bouquets and send them to Jesus, never doubting but what he receives them, for some spirits in the higher conditions reach down and take them out of the little ones sight, saying that they will try and give them to the one who loves us all.

No one is compelled to do that which does not meet with a responsive echo in the soul. Differences in opinion never cause any trouble. When opportunity is given each express their opinions freely and lovingly, none ever doubting the truthfulness of others' statements; all enjoy and are happy in their individual thoughts on all subjects.

All claim and enjoy the right to go, when and where they please and grant the same to others. Invitations are extended to others to join; frequently we do not go unless by so doing others are made more happy. Our sermons differ much from yours in earth life. We have had conditions and experiences which enable us to understand more clearly Christ's teachings. Our doors are open to all. The Lord's Supper is celebrated here in gathering flowers and arranging them in every imaginable form, each person following personal ideas in making wreaths or any form most pleasing to themselves. Homes are open to every one and are profusely trimmed with "God's own living beauty." Some erect very elaborate mottoes in their grounds and invite hosts of friends to partake of these offerings and enjoy the day with them. At noon tables are spread with all kinds of delicacies, to the exclusion of wine. On these occasions there is always a band of little children present who take it upon themselves to present each visitor with something as a keepsake. After supper comes singing and glad, happy greetings and visiting.

In Summer Valley the little ones look forward to the "Lord's Supper" with as much pleasure as do Christians; in the evening, as you would call it, there are concerts attended by all; frequently the actors are wholly children, and are always very entertaining. All sadness and darkness is left on the other side of life; here we enjoy God's blessings to the fullest extent. Each day is filled with love and good deeds to "our Father's children."

Christmas, New Years, Easter, birthdays and the Lord's Supper are varied only by more coming together and remembering the day to keep it holy in the way our Savior has given them the love and disposition to do.

I do not think our Savior intended all to bow under the same rule; if so, why give us their active brains? Why are some endowed with clearer perception than others? Why did he differ from all around him while in earth life? His teachings were not accepted by the darkened, beclouded brains of the rulers, and because they could not grasp his spiritual ideas he was hunted down and slain.

The day has now passed when men can compel others to believe without evidence. Each individual is given a brain to make use of; if not used for good, the best God-given gift is abused. You must make use of all your faculties, laying up a book of useful knowledge, filled with good deeds and progressive ideas.

You send children to school to learn the lessons best fitted to carry them through life, but all do not develop alike nor progress together, even in the same class. Here and there will crop out and spring up a quicker, more intellectual child than the average, that will pass out of that class into a higher one, long before the class are ready to advance.

This child has a quicker brain, filled with a swift-running current that develops faster than others, ever keeping far in advance of the class she started with. Shall we destroy her because of this God-given current that keeps her far in the advance of others of the same age?

Of such is the kingdom of heaven, and we prefer to protect them from harm, for they may be the ones to reach down and lift up the blinded, struggling soul so often met by the wayside. You attend church to learn that which will enable you to tread on in earth life with more strength to learn that the life beyond is for all, and

to gain useful knowledge fitted for us now, as we need the information more than we will in the home above.

The beyond is yours to enjoy in gladness just in proportion as you lend to others on the way your light, and impart to them the information you have learned so that their every-day life may be the better for having known you. Let your light so shine that others may be led from the darkness of error into the knowledge of the beautiful life in the great beyond. By so doing you will find your reward in the eternal shores crowded with heaven's greatest blessings—perfect happiness. You are fitting yourselves for your home above in the every-day life; so you often need advice as to what is best to do, and strength with encouragement to do right now in every-day life. Your Savior clears it not up; you have it to do for yourself; that is what your brain is given to you for. Let each look closely to himself, trusting to others to do the same.

If you sit and wait for our Savior to hand down bread and clothing you will be disappointed; there is no dodging earth's lessons and conditions. The busy bee gathers the honey. Do not leave all with Jesus; take an active hand in the work yourself, then you will be more likely to succeed.

Christ will help by giving you new ideas, which are simply the developing and outcoming of your own brain, having first received strength and life from your surroundings which are his; also yours.

There is surrounding each individual spiritual advisers who help carry you onward and upward, giving you new ideas, handing down to you that which will be received with lasting benefit provided you accept and do with it as your better judgment dictates to do.

The lessons of to-day should be a stepping stone for the to-morrow; do your work now, for the to-morrow brings with it many changes.

The preaching of to-day would do more good if our Savior was left to take care of himself for a time and God's children looked after in their practical needs of every-day life; then all would be ready to receive the teachings and blessings that are sure to follow this course. Reach out and help your neighbor to see the glorious light of this religion of love and spiritual helpfulness.

## Vision of Joseph Hoag.

In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the field, and observed the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed its brightness as I reflected upon the singularity of the event. My mind was struck into a silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for all my faculties were low and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings; and I heard a voice from heaven say, "This which thou seest which dims the brightness of the sun is a sign of present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among the people of the forest; I sustained them while they were humble; I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people. But now they have forgotten me who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and have taken quietness from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the church on points of doctrine; it commenced in the Presbyterian Society and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close its effects were the same. Those that dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends it raged in as high a degree as in any I had before observed—as before, those who kept to their ancient principles retired by themselves.

It appeared in Lodges of Free Masons; it broke out in appearance like a volcano inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics in the United States and did not stop until it produced a civil war, and abundance of human blood was shed. In the course of the combat the Southern States lost their power and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power arose, took the Government of States, established a national religion and made all the people tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this; and I heard a voice proclaim, "His power shall not always stand, but with it I shall chastise my church until they return to the faithfulness of their fathers. Thou seest what is coming on thy native land for its iniquities and the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before me. This vision is yet for many days." I had no idea of writing it for many years until it became such a burthen to me that for my own relief I have written it.

JOSEPH HOAG.

THE London World says: "Herr Johann Strauss, the well-known musician of Vienna, has abandoned the Roman Catholic faith and become a Protestant."

## EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

## Another Interesting Incident.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Another incident in mediumship of the girl Angie may not be uninteresting to those studying the phenomena of spirit manifestations. One evening there was a party of fifteen or twenty persons at my house who came as investigators. Among them was Dr. Veach, one of the old State geologists of the State of California. He then occupied a professor's chair in the medical department of the Willamette University. The girl's hand was being controlled, and she blindfolded, when a spirit addressed a short communication to Dr. Veach, and signed its name as John Walker. As there was something in the communication that showed that the spirit had been a commander of men in the earth life, the Doctor asked, "Who are you? Are you Captain John Walker of Nicaragua celebrity?" "No," replied the spirit, "I am Captain John Walker of the Fourth U. S. Infantry, and you was surgeon of our regiment during the Mexican war." "Well, well," said the Doctor, addressing us, "I have not thought of that Captain John Walker for years." Again addressing the spirit in writing, he said, "Captain, please give an account of yourself. I had lost all traces of you since the Mexican war." The Captain wrote as follows, as near as I remember: "You see, after the war was over our regiment was stationed at Ft. — doing garrison duty, and I chafed under the 'piping times of peace,' and I could not stand it; and resigned my commission and drifted back to Mexico, as I had fallen in love with the country during the war. After remaining in Mexico a few years I married a Mexican maiden, by whom I had four children, and a most excellent woman she was, too. I lived very happily with this woman until three years ago I took sick and died, as the saying is, but I still live, and I keep close watch and guard over my wife and children." Dr. Veach wrote something like this: "Captain, since you were so long in Mexico and with Spanish people, it seems to me that you could correspond in the Spanish language." "Try me if you think I cannot," replied the Captain, when there followed quite a long interview in the Spanish language between Captain Walker of the Fourth U. S. Infantry and Dr. Veach, his old surgeon, the medium not knowing a word of the Spanish language. This we thought quite a true test, don't you? C. A. REED.

(Copied for the Golden Gate.)

## Messages from the Little Ones.

(Given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. J. Whitney.)

Little Maud Talbert wants to send a message to papa and mamma, and tell them her throat is all well, and she is often with them at home. Her papa is Captain Talbert. Her big sister is with her. She wants her mother to keep little Hiram; that is the name of her little boy; she had to leave him with her mother when she came here. She is happy. Her name is Gracie Scarett.

A little boy wants his mamma to know he tried to stay in earth life until she got home, but the beautiful guide could not wait. The little boy hurt his thumb in the gate and that made him come here; they called it lockjaw. His mamma thinks if she had staid at home little Eddie would not have been hurt. His name is Eddie Wyman.

A little girl wants to send a message to her brother Walter, she says when he is a man he must never drink, or use tobacco, for if he does, she and Nellie can not stay with him. He must sit at the table when he is large enough, and they will help him with his lesson. Walter is a medium. The little girls' names are Nellie and May Moody.

Dear little Star wants her papa to sing while he is making pictures, so that uncle Hermos can dance her like papa did. She can not talk very much yet. She has such lovely eyes, and every one loves her; she has not been in spirit very long, only three months. Her uncle is her papa's brother. Star's papa's name is Albert Shaw, and there is some one named Alice. Little Star is Alice Star Shaw.

John Partridge wants to send a message but can not say much, only he has found rest from pain. He has tried to make loved ones understand he tries to help them and would like them to be advised by his best friend, Captain Talbert.

A dear old lady wants me help her send word to her son. When she was knocked down by the milk wagon she did not feel any pain, only a sudden shock. She could not hear very well, but now she can hear every one speak, and has been to her son's house, when he has been sitting alone to see if he could feel his mother's presence. She will be able to manifest when she gets more strength. Her name is Caroline Moses.

A dear spirit wants me to give a message to Ida E. McKinsey, to tell her dear little Lyle is growing and is happy. All the little ones are together. Lyle is Ida's little boy. She was so afraid he was

lonely; he is all right. Katie wants her to know she loves her boy. The lady's name is Maria Hardenburg.

I want, through this medium, to send a message to my mother. My name is Robert S. Hale. I have been here a very short time. I passed away in San Francisco. I had consumption. My dear mother grieves. She keeps thinking she could have done more for me, but she is mistaken; nothing would have kept me any longer on the earth plane. The first thing I remember in spirit I was moving about from place to place. I was conscious that there were many people around me and I had the use of my limbs, and my cough was gone. I seemed to go with a band of strange people. They were kind to me, and I was happy because I was freed from pain. As I was walking and waiting for some one to tell me what brought me to such a lovely place I beheld my brother Nelson whom I thought was dead. We embraced each other. I was overjoyed to meet him. I wanted to take him home, but it was then I found my spirit had separated itself from the body; but we went home and found my darling mother grieving and brother Benjie trying to comfort her. I tried to talk to my mother but she did not hear me speak. I soon became conscious that I could move from place to place as quick as thought. It seemed as if we could go so swiftly, but by what power I could not explain. I found no one here to blame for lack of knowledge; they all are willing to help. I meet so many little children, all looking so beautiful and happy; no one sick or in pain. I have visited circles but can not manifest to be recognized as yet. My name is Robert S. Hale.

I want my mamma to know I can come home. I have been trying so long to talk to her. I was only a little girl five years old when I came to spirit home; now I am nineteen. I had the sore throat, and sister Clara had the same. She was not as old as I was, but she has been here as long; we came here very nearly the same time. Brother Lewis is with us. He had fever. He is tall, just like papa. We have a beautiful home here, and so many to love us and teach us how to sing. Mamma, dear, I remember what I sang, and you helped me; it was, "I want to be an angel." Don't you remember? Oh, you cried so, and I could not sing any more. Then I saw so many pretty people and such pretty flowers; but when I tried to speak to you I could not make you talk to me; but when you read this, then you will understand.

Grandma Four is with us. I go to see Grandpa Four, and he is coming here soon. Auntie Julia is with us; Uncle William is here—I mean papa's brother. Mamma, we are never lonesome here; there are so many to love us, and Mother Charity is good to all and teaches us how to manifest. I want sister Gracie to talk to us, and Fannie. I would like to talk to Arthur, he is so tall and strong. I will write a long letter some time. My mamma's name is Martha; papa calls her Mattie; my name is Florence Alexander.

Mamma, Doctor Gerrey says, forgive him for not understanding how to help us any better. You will, won't you mamma? He is so good and helps many now.

FLORENCE.

## New York Spiritualists on Frands.

At a meeting of the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation held in the city of Brooklyn on Sunday evening, May 16, 1886, Mr. A. H. Dailey arose and introduced the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS,—It is well known to the great body of intelligent Spiritualists that there are in this city and in the city of New York, a number of persons professing the gift of mediumship for the materialization of spirit forms, who are known frauds, and have repeatedly been exposed as such, but who are plying their nefarious vocations by trick and device extorting money from and imposing upon innocent and unsuspecting persons, therefore

Resolved,—That it is our duty and the duty of all Spiritualists to warn the public against any and all professed mediums of that class.

Resolved,—That when any person professing the gift of mediumship for materialization declines to give sittings under such strict conditions as preclude the possibility of fraud, that fact alone is sufficient evidence of deception to warn all persons to beware of intended deception.

Resolved,—That we tender to the New York World our sincere thanks for exposing the shameful frauds of one Caffrey and others, in the city of New York in their pretended materialization seances.

Resolved,—That we denounce such persons as have repeatedly been exposed in their wicked practices, as in nowise belonging to the ranks of Spiritualists, but as assassins and enemies to a great and divine truth, and that we will aid in their exposure and punishment for their crimes.

Resolved,—That copies of these resolutions be sent to the New York World and other public journals for publication.

The foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted.

JOHN JEFFREY, President.

A NEW JERSEY fisherman, while trying to land a 300 pound sturgeon the other day, was struck by the monster's tail with such force as to break his leg.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## The Effects of Spiritual Forces.

The effects of spiritual forces are seen everywhere throughout nature. Every star, planet and satellite is the aggregation, segregation and consolidation of spiritual forces; and these forces primarily were impulses from the Central Soul, the celestial translucent light. These impulses attract matter, when liberated from their primal, solid state; all matter primarily being solid, the sun its solvent.

There are different qualities of impulses; there are also different qualities of matter; therefore, matter being solid in its primal state, but possessing the positive and negative forces, it was essential to have a solvent, for the liberation of these forces. After their liberation the different qualities of impulses attracted the different qualities of matter; their aggregation through the law of affinity, makes them either positive or negative forces, according to the class of impulses sent forth. The uniting of these forces are the effects of force; and when occurring within the atmosphere of our earth, many of them are made manifest to the consciousness of man,—and these forces are omnipresent to a greater or lesser degree everywhere, outside the atmosphere of our earth.

All these forces are not present within the atmosphere of our earth, and for this reason, all worlds have not the same component parts. The atmosphere of our earth is composed of the disintegration of our planet, that is constantly going on from her center to her circumference, for matter is constantly changing places. The effects of her internal disintegrations are felt in earthquake shocks that destroy hundreds of human beings, but preserve the untold millions.

There are no independent forces in our planet; there are disintegrated forces from the planet that are independent of man; they can not be controlled in any form whatever. They escape from the earth at the equatorial vortex, ascending to form the azure atmosphere of our planet, it is the lens to the earth's telescope that makes it possible for the inhabitants of earth to see the starry heavens; this force has another junction, it gives the atmosphere of our planet its bounds; without this force there would be no atmosphere to our planet.

Therefore, neither vegetable nor animal life could exist upon it; the azure atmosphere also repels the electric currents of Venus, permitting the electric magnetic atmospheric and generic forces to make their exit from the planet.

Again, it is the radiator of the sun's light upon the planet; it is also at that focal point that generates heat sufficient to bring forth vegetable and animal life upon the planet. The azure atmosphere is refined matter that has entered its second state of unfoldment, consequently, repelled from the sun, its molecular particles ascend to the etherial heavens where they are condensed into molecule primates. This is the material used to build refined worlds, worlds adapted to a higher soul existence. All the other forces within our atmosphere are amalgamations which neither crucible or retort can reduce to a single primal force.

The electric and magnetic forces are known to exist; all their component parts are not known to the astute scientist; the atmospheric and generic are wholly unknown to scientists as currents; their component parts are also unknown to them. These four separate and distinct currents in the atmosphere contain all the elements of force that produce the effects, as seen by man, with one exception, namely, that of the earthquake. These four currents though distinct are amalgamations of primal forces. The common air we breathe is disintegrated matter thrown off from the planet. We affirm that it is spirit and matter, for matter independent of spirit would be simply ponderable, and spirit without matter would be imponderable light, neither of them being subject to change in their primal state. The effects of their union is seen in every meteor, comet, planet and star. The union of spirit and matter made it possible to give expression to spirit through the law of evolution; therefore, the effects of spiritual forces are seen in animal man in its highest state of physical unfoldment up to the present time.

The effects of the elimination of the varied colors of lights that constitute the soul forces of man, are seen in the evolution of soul from the savage to the civilized, refined and cultivated man. The evolution of soul from the savage to the civilized man was due to the amalgamation of the component parts of light that constitute the soul forces. Every soul that enters into spirit life is known what manner of soul he or she is by the varied colors of light that constitute the soul,—the clear white light ascending to the third heaven, the highest attainable by man, through purification; for, while purification gives power over material things, it does not give knowledge and wisdom, how to overcome or make the spiritual forces subservient to the forces of the soul; therefore to be able to overcome the effects of spiritual forces, and also to learn the laws appertaining to our planet, it is also named the scientific heavens. To attain this scientific heaven is of paramount importance to every soul, for it is indeed a heaven of hallowed glory, pure as the mind of man can conceive of.

W. CLUCAS.

SAN FRANCISCO.



(Transcribed for the Golden Gate.)

## GLIMPSES IN SPIRIT LAND.

Mount Starnop—Call at the Priest's House—Visit to the Catholic City in the Fourth Sphere, Third Circle—Earnestness of Catholics.

The first entrancement was by my friend I—. She said, I passed Mount Starnop on my way here, one of our most remarkable mountains, and exceeding great height. I speak of it as one of the prominent features in spirit land, and give the name as you may remember it, should others refer to it.

I was, a few days since, in a house in this city, near the Catholic Cathedral, occupied by the priests. They were discussing Spiritualism; that topic being introduced by the mention of the Davenport. One said he believed that priests were often inspired when they speak from the Bible, and earnestly desire to enforce its truths. He spoke earnestly and for some time, and I could see there were spirits about him. I had the curiosity to notice what kind of spirits were present. I found they were all dressed in the robes of the church; and there were present two beautiful sisters of one of their orders, who seemed earnest and devoted Catholics; still, I was surprised to find so many spirits and of so apparently high order, who were devoted Catholics; and they were all so honest and true. I at once made up my mind to follow those two sisters on their return and find out whence they were going.

The opportunity soon came, for they soon set out on their return. I went with them. They ascended into the fourth sphere and into the third circle; then on, on we went, over hill and mountain, until we had traversed a vast territory, and I was almost ready to give up the journey, when we reached the point where I could see a great city, in the distance towards which we went. We approached a gate which was opened to us, and they admitted me, for they recognized me as a spirit from a high sphere, and I informed them I was seeking information.

As we passed the gate I found myself in a very large and regularly built city; it seemed to me to have a population of millions, and was exclusively devoted to Catholicism. I saw magnificent cathedrals, elegant houses, adorned with all that art or refined taste could suggest; I saw the people devoting themselves to the church; and I saw that from this city went forth bands of spirits to the churches all over the world, to impress and assist the priesthood in their duties. I saw, too, that the Catholic Priest could receive more of that assistance than those of any other sect of Christianity, for he devoted himself wholly to his church, passing his time either in active labor, private devotion or meditation, thus furnishing the opportunity for the approach and inspiration of the spirits.

One thing I noticed, they were progressing in this great city beyond their church on earth. There was no restraint or confinement; and I saw some were soaring aloft above the church and leaving the city for other and to them more attractive places. I was particularly attracted towards one little child, a beautiful creature of only four years, she could not be made a Catholic; she had already progressed too far. I shall visit her again, and will, I think, take her to my island. I shall visit this city again. It was new to me, and I did not know that organized Catholic communities existed in so high a sphere.

A second visit revealed the grand temple on Mount Starnop. The medium spoke as follows: I have visited a grand temple on the top of a high mountain. Its extent and grandeur I can scarcely describe. This temple was situated on the top of Mount Starnop and was many miles in extent; very beautiful and covered nearly the whole of the top of the mountain. Approaching it we ascended several steps which seemed to extend all around it, ornamented by rows of columns each of which seemed to be a symbol which I could not understand. There were gates to the city constructed of pure pearl.

A few steps from the top of the ascent we reached other rows of columns that seemed to form a part of the main building; farther on were more columns in regular rows, extending entirely around the whole structure. These columns were tall, grand and massive, and made of the most precious stones, of exceeding beauty and dazzling brightness. This grand temple seemed to be of three stories, each story receding towards the center which was covered with a dome of crystal.

The height of the center was immense; as I looked again I could see trees of enormous size growing amidst these columns and under this dome, and it was all full of life like a crowded city. The upper parts of the temple were enclosed with colored glass on which were rare paintings, evidently the highest works of art. The entire building was composed of precious stones and crystals.

Around the temple encircling the top of the mountain was a lake of crystalline brightness. As I looked down into its depths I could see various colors, and as I raised my eyes to the beautiful sky overhead I saw these radiant colors were the reflections of a rainbow that spanned the celestial sky and made it gorgeous in its grandeur. From this lake there emanated a magnetism that gave to me additional strength.

As I gazed at the magnificent temple from different points of view new and

more wonderful beauties would present themselves. It seemed like a fairy picture that one might see in dreams—too flattering sweet to be substantial. It was like a city in extent, but its uses and purposes I did not learn.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

I have picked up on my journey, a few pebbles by the wayside, some of which may be real gems. Thinking that others might love to look upon them, I request them a place in the cabinet of the GOLDEN GATE:

Open the windows, open the doors and let the sunshine in. See that cold-blooded man, the thermometer of whose affections never rises above zero. He loves no one and none loves him. He enjoys no smiles, nor even the sad luxury of tears. A living embodiment of baseness, his emotions are only appetite, and his aspirations only for self-gratification. He belongs to the race of reptiles, and has crawled on his belly all the days of his life. A surviving relic of the saurian period, he fairly hisses at the smiling faces as they pass.

The rose is queen of flowers, not more for her beautiful colors than for her sweet odors; and the human face divine is loveliest when radiant with the goodness of the heart. It is no less love than intellect that raises man above the brute—that exalts him in the scale of being.

Reason, indeed, is noble. Between it and the affections, I would draw no invidious line. These are the heat rays giving warmth where that not light. Love and reason are correlatives; and neither, without the other, can be great. Reason alone is an arctic day, bright but cold; reason and the passions a tropical tornado leaving ruin where it has been; reason, and the affections, a fair Summer's day with verdant vales and fruitful fields.

If our life is a Winter, and the north wind blows, and chills and freezes; if it is the flowers of love and hope have been chilled and blighted before their petals have fairly unfolded; if it is that the breezes have not been warmed and gentled by the soft south wind of human affection. With more sunshine and less wintry darkness in life, how infinitely better it were for mankind! Reader, open thou the windows and doors of thy soul and let the sunshine in.

Can you stand erect, O man, though all about you are prone? Can you affirm, though all the world declare you a liar? Can you stand by the right for the love of right, and proclaim the truth for the love of truth, unmindful of the sneers and scoffs of the unthinking and the cowardly? Then unto you has God breathed the breath of life, and you have become indeed a living soul.

"Truth," says Lord Bacon, "is the supreme good of human nature." He might have added, as corollaries, that the seeking for truth is the highest employment of the human reason; the love of truth is the purest emotion of the human mind; obedience to truth, the noblest act of the human being; and the enjoyment of truth the supremest felicity of the human soul.

Chicago burns, and the world pays more dearly for its bread. Boston burns, and many a child of the poor goes barefoot. Yeddo burns, and the losses are added to the price of our table beverage. The vices of India breed the cholera and a wave of death rolls round the world. The enslavement of the black man brought on a bloody war, in the calamities of which all were involved. Thus even self-interest becomes a bond of unity, and an injury to one is the common hurt of all.

If thus we suffer for the sufferings of others are we not also partakers in their prosperity? The commerce that builds London enlivens the trade of every port. The factories that enrich New England enhance the prices of the cereals of the prairies, enlarge the cotton fields of the South, stimulate the industry and add to the wealth of the whole country. For every nation by honest means grown rich, every other is the richer. The wealth-waves that roll in the harbor of New York ripple in the waters of Yokohama.

Is this not true also of the mental and moral forces? We have learned astronomy from the optics of the telescope. The chemistry of the spectrum reveals the constituents of the sun and tells us of what the stars are made. The music of the valley is heard on the mountain. Truth whispered in the cottage is heard in the palace. For John Brown, all men stand more erect. Shakespeare and Goethe belong to the rare. Socrates and Plato are the instructors of the ages. The Sermon on the Mount is ever repeating itself around the world.

Blessings diffuse. For each one's honest gains, every other is the gainer. The honey which heaven distills into the cup of one becomes sweetness to the palates of all.

THE losses by the recent storms at the West foot up a total of 129 persons killed, 128 wounded, and \$3,300,000 worth of property destroyed.

## End of the Controversy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

So far as I am concerned this short communication will end the controversy on Re-incarnation and historical exactness. Surely Mr. Coleman could not avoid seeing, even if he had tried to do so, that the point, aim and object of my reference to the teachings of the early "Church Fathers" was not to show off my literary knowledge, or my historical lore, in giving book, chapter and verse, but to get at the spirit of early Christian teachings on the propagandism of Christianity. This, and nothing more, was my aim. And the correctness of this Mr. Coleman fully concedes. Dr. Peebles still lives, and can answer to any unjust criticism, if he wishes to do so. Mr. Graves is dead, and consequently not able, in his *persona propria*, to reply, so I will say a word for the dear, good, hard-working old man. To a literary critic like Mr. Coleman, Mr. Graves' writings would be open to severe criticism, not because Mr. G. misrepresents the *spirit* and *intent* of those whose views he would oppose, but rather because he *translates* the ideas of his opponent instead of quoting his exact words. This was Mr. Graves' method, to a large extent. I had a personal acquaintance with the good man, and loved him much, and can assure the reader that from my knowledge of the man and of his writings, he would not wantonly misquote any one.

As to the doctrine of the Pre-existence and Re-incarnation of souls, I think it a "craze," and the person adopting it, as taught by all, after whom I have read, at least, are what I would call "cranks," or at least a little "cranky." And if our good sister down at San Buenaventura will take the pains to re-examine my article from which she most likely quoted from memory, she would see plainly that she murdered me, a poor, lone orphan, far worse than Mr. Coleman thinks that I, Mr. Graves and Dr. Peebles murdered the Church Fathers, for she (Mrs. Comstock) not only misquotes, garbles and omits, but plainly, and seemingly, leaves out the very gist of my thought. It seems to me incredible that I should ever have said such a thing as I am accused of by Mrs. C. What I did say, as I now remember, is this: that there is not a thinking person in this world that would be willing to accept of a doctrine so unreasonable as that of Re-incarnation, upon such evidence as had been presented in the columns of the GOLDEN GATE. Now, the whole force of my remark hinges on the latter clause of the sentence; for you must know, dear, good sister, that there may be much evidence on the subject that I have never had opportunity to observe, consequently a judicial cast of mind, such as, ahem! could never render an opinion in words, and form, as you reported, till the evidence was all in. Now, to you, good lady, and to Mr. Stoddard and all other re-incarnationists, let me say, that, just as soon as you are able to give a single well authenticated fact, I, so far as my writing and speaking are concerned, will never use the word "craze" or "crank" again; and more than that, I most humbly beg your punishment—not pardon—for I can't believe in the doctrine of pardon any more than I can in re-incarnation; for, in my mind, they are equally unphilosophical and absurd. I am quite well aware, Mrs. C., that the doctrine of re-incarnation did not originate with Mr. Stoddard. Then why did you insinuate that I ever thought so? I am also quite well aware that many great and good men and women have entertained the affirmative of this proposition, and am also aware that the same class of minds once held to the Ptolemaic theory of the universe, or this part of it, that is, that the earth rested on the head of a "serpient," that said snake coiled its immense body on a sunken rock in the sea, and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around this institution. What the water rested upon they did not dare to tell us. So an old Vermont miller was positive that Ptolemy and his followers were right, and that Copernicus, LaPlace, Sir Isaac Newton and all the rest were wrong, and the evidence was found in the fact that "if the earth rolled over in the night, all the water would be out of his mill-pond in the morning."

But it is really a pleasure to read the beautiful, rhythmic sentences written by Mrs. C., both the quoted and the original; and the conclusions are logical and all that. But, my dear sister, do you not know that an argument may be logical and the conclusion the same, all builded on false principles? We should be positive, if we can, that our premises are correct. You remember how Socrates worried a class of his students by submitting a subject for their investigation, the foundation of which was false, but his object was to teach them the importance of examining, first of all, the premises of all subjects submitted to them. His so-called scientific and philosophic problem was, as I translated it, "Why will not five gallons of water weigh more, nor less, when a live fish weighing one pound is placed in the water?" I do not question the facts as recorded by Mrs. C. as to her precocious nature in reading, etc., and of similar facts, but I would explain them differently. As for example: a key to all such pleasing mysteries, I think, is found to be very reasonable in these two directions, to wit: mediumship and ante-natal and early post-natal conditions.

Now, with the same gentle and sweet spirit and purpose, I too, would tell a little story on myself. Mathematics was always a difficult branch of science for me. Natural philosophy was my forte. But a young man four years my senior, would insist upon attending my school. "I was 'fraid as death of him," because he was farther advanced in figures than I. One day he "got stalled" on a problem, away towards the end of Davies' series, and my heart came right up in my throat; for I was sure that I could not solve the problem if he could not. So I fasted and prayed and walked the floor all night and wrung my hands and cried, for I felt that that day was to be my last in that village as a teacher, or a citizen, for it was a vile custom of the times and place that "a schoolmaster that couldn't do a sum was to have a free ride out of town." And the awful hour came; the mighty young man bolted right up to the teacher and demanded, politely, that he be helped out of his dilemma. A dazed, unaccountable feeling crept over my brain, like one going into a trance. I mechanically took a slate, and said: "Read the question." He did so, and the two sides of a large slate were filled with small figures, diagrams, etc., and the "answer to the vexed problem brought out to a fraction." Now, in my ignorance I thought and said that "God was good and sent the Holy Ghost to aid me, a poor, praying child of his," etc.

But from evidence since obtained, I am quite sure that it was one of my old schoolmasters that helped me in the time of great need. At any rate, when the episode was over I felt about two inches taller and a good deal bigger round.

"Blind Tom" without question, is a medium; not a re-incarnated specimen of "African descent," or of the *genus homo*.

"Impressions," "intuitions," "interior convictions," and all that are of some real worth, as these, come along with living facts, but taken alone are very deceptive. I once knew a case like this: A young minister would not take a step in a weighty matter as that of marrying a woman without consulting the "presiding elder." He loved a woman and felt inwardly moved to marry her; was sure that his intuitions on the subject were divinely truthful, and that the matter was sanctioned by the Holy Ghost and fully acquiesced in by the young lady, etc. But one of like convictions, deep, holy and abiding, had been there before him, and had poured into the ear of the elder precisely the same story; thereby proving that these deep and powerful convictions, the girl and the Holy Ghost (?) had combined to deceive the unsophisticated young man.

But if re-incarnation is a fact in nature, give us some tangible proof of it, or else excuse those who can not accept of it for lack of evidence till we get the evidence, and then we will be all right, for belief is not a voluntary act of the will, but comes alone upon evidence.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.  
Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

## More About the "Christian Fathers."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Touching the controversy as to "Christian Fathers" and "Lying for Christ's sake," I think it well that the subject should be considered candidly and judicially, as Mr. Coleman seems to have done. The careless use of quotation marks by writers I regard as no less a sin than lying itself, of which it is really a variety. But what I call especial attention to is that "Eusebius" (there are two eminent ecclesiastics of that name and I don't know now which of them) is quoted by Gibbon somewhere as directly sanctioning the practice of lying. Gibbon not only outlines the general practice in the text but gives what purports to be the words of Eusebius in the original Latin, which unmistakably justifies what seemingly was then a common practice. It is some fifteen years since I read it, and it may have been "expurgated" in some editions in accordance with the *lying-by-omission* practice of the Harpers and others. I should like to see it reproduced in the original by some one who has leisure to hunt it up.

In the *Chronicle* of May 16th is an editorial headed "Primitive Theology," in which it is stated that Prof. Huxley collects a mass of evidence which goes to show that the whole theological system of the early Jews was based upon the belief in ghosts; that at first there were a vast number of ghosts who varied in power and wisdom; that the Deity, who in the Bible is generally called the Lord, was one of these, etc.

I heard a similar view advocated by Moses Hull some fifteen years ago, in Washington, but he did not give his authorities. And the *Chronicle* does not state the title or publishers of Huxley's book or article. This subject should be followed up, as its elucidation would tend to harmonize certain divisions among Spiritualists based upon the recognition of an antagonism to the Jewish records, concerning the nature of which most glaring ignorance exists among Freethinkers and Spiritualists, as well as among orthodox Christians, while the solid facts would ultimately reconcile all differences. ALFRED CRIDGE.

EUREKA, Cal., June 1, 1886.

A FLORIDA firm is shipping 2,500 bird skins a month to Newark, N. J., to be used as hat decorations.

## PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

## OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Paparian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

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## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1886.

## SECRET OF HIS POWER.

The secret of Mr. Colville's power as a public speaker, is his great heart of love and charity for all humanity. He knows how mankind is environed with conditions—how the bias of birth, education, and the lack of education, warp poor human nature, making it, often, but little more responsible for its devious ways than the weather vane is responsible for the wind that blows. He realizes the many perils that beset the race, and how weak are many to resist the seductive allurements to a vicious life; and his sympathetic nature goes out to all erring ones in loving tenderness. This is the true Christ spirit.

It is the only way whereby man may be brought into harmony with nature—into oneness with the divine; it is the only way of human redemption. And this is true Spiritualism—the living way.

It is a glorious thing to know that when we close our eyes for the last time to earthly scenes, we shall open them to a new day in the spirit, and to grander sights than ever dawned on mortal vision. It is glorious to realize that this life is not the end, but rather the beginning of an existence whose manhood's splendor will eclipse conception with its mighty possibilities. It is a source of comfort and joy to feel that the loved ones, whose silent forms we have laid away in the grave, still live, and that a way has been opened for them to return to gladden and cheer us on our journey through this vale of care and sorrow. But grander than all this is the spiritual unfoldment—the entering into, and interblending of the spirit with those higher and diviner conditions of life, whereby all evil thoughts, all uncharitableness, all that savors of mortal baseness, shall be dominated by the angel in human nature.

This is Mr. Colville's holy mission, to harmonize, purify and ennoble humanity—to bring man into possession of his eternal heritage of happiness in this life, and thereby fit him for the companionship of angels in the next. What mission of man or angel is more worthy and noble than this?

## SINCERITY.

Condorcet says, "Hypocrisy of manner—a vice peculiar to modern nations—has contributed more than one thinks to destroy that energy of character which so distinguished the nations of antiquity." There seems to be a general opinion that one can't be true to his feelings at all times without sometimes being blunt and offensive. If this be true we think honest bluntness is better than false complacency when it comes to expressing one's true feelings and sentiments for another. While we do not approve of studied times and places for showing one's honesty, we object to a false display of regard that is founded only in words and dies with them. Men are more sincere and frank in their dealings and intercourse with each other than women towards their own sex. Why this we do not quite understand, but think it is partly due to the early education of our grandmothers, who necessarily laid much stress upon that something called policy, which, when rightly (?) understood and practiced, had the effect of smoothing the way for them in a good many things that they were interested in. In modern womanhood this policy has taken on a varied character, and it taints the young, middle aged and old alike. In fact, it has degenerated into hypocrisy that marks in some degree all our manner and speech. Sincerity is a virtue more prevalent in men than women; men are less trammelled by the conventionalities of society, being mainly interested in matters of more importance and weight than fashion and etiquette. Suffrage will make women less frivolous, and more honest and just towards each other, and thus will our national character change.

UNPLEASANT.—Although the rumor of war between France and Germany has died out of hearing matters between these two countries are far from lovely. The increasing friendliness between the English and German Cabinets since the victory of the Tory Ministry is a new course of suspicion to the French newspaper world, the more conservative journals urging the Government to increase the military force in the Eastern Frontier. This causes the *North German Gazette* to express the opinion that France is but waiting a better opportunity to revenge herself. The refusal of the Germans and Austrians to exhibit at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 is more fuel to the smouldering embers that may burst into flame. The disrespect that these countries each show to the French national colors makes it just as well that the German flag be not swung to the breeze in Paris in 1889; for the French have full in mind the attack lately at Cologne on a French yacht for displaying their national ensign.

—The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its next quarterly meeting in Milwaukee, June 25th, 26th and 27th.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

There is a natural aversion in the minds of sensitive Spiritualists for all exhibitions of mediumship as a mere money-making show, for the gratification of idle curiosity. As these exhibitions are usually conducted with little or no protection against the exercise of all manner of deception they demonstrate nothing but the facility with which honest investigators may be deceived.

Now, we are not inveighing against the wonderful phenomenon of spirit materialization. We know it to be a great truth. We know, also, or rather, perhaps, we should say, we have good grounds for believing, that most of the alleged "materializations" that we have witnessed at the public seances for this phase of the phenomena—and we have attended many of them—were simply shameless deceptions. Such deceptions have no weight, or influence, with the experienced Spiritualist, who bases his knowledge of genuine spirit manifestations, not upon one, but upon many phases of mediumship, and often not upon evidences received through professional mediumship at all, but perhaps through his own mediumistic gifts, or upon evidences brought home to him through many private channels.

The temptation to cheat in the matter of physical manifestations, for the money there is in the exhibition, is altogether too great for the average professional materializing medium to resist; hence investigators are justified in demanding such conditions as will render deception absolutely impossible.

But the "materializing" seance is not the place for the novice to make a beginning in psychical study. It is there he is very apt to see what will so disgust him that he will have no heart for any further investigation in any direction. A "spirit," with a bad breath, or an unpleasant odor of perspiration, who salutes the inexperienced investigator, purporting to be his lost darling, is apt to be discouraging to further research. And it doesn't help the matter much to be told that the unpleasant odors aforesaid are the bad conditions of the medium which the "spirit" necessarily takes upon itself in its temporary semblance of re-incarnation.

But if still inclined to pursue his investigations, he should ruthlessly violate the rules of the circle by holding his "dear one" fast in his embrace, and find, in the full light, the half-robed form of the medium in his arms, he is not happy—not even when informed, as is probably the case, that the spirits sometimes use the medium's body for "personation," or "transfiguration,"—an explanation which is understood to exonerate the medium and throw the onus of the cheat upon the spirit.

Hence, we believe that the public materializing circle, as generally conducted, is a great stumbling block to the advancement of Spiritualism, and ought to be discontinued by all who have the cause at heart. Or, if continued, these circles should be divested of every element of deception, and made so completely crucial in their character that only the true medium could stand the test.

But we commenced this article with a view to suggesting a remedy for such evils of professional mediumship as we have herein indicated. It is to encourage private mediumship, as developed in the family circle. These circles, if rightly conducted, may be made a source of profit to each member thereof, even though no great mediumistic results should follow. They would develop a spirit of harmony and devotion, that could not but prove conducive to spiritual growth.

The circle may be composed exclusively of the family, who shouldn't sit regularly, each evening, or on alternate evenings, from half an hour to an hour. A few congenial persons may be invited to participate; but care should be had not to make the circle too large. From five to seven is enough. The seance should be preceded with pleasant conversation, and commenced with harmonizing music. Each soul should aspire for light and truth, and for the ministrations of all good and beautiful influences. Sit quietly, passively, patiently. If nothing comes with the first half hour, or if a sense of weariness is experienced by any member of the circle by that time, an adjournment for the evening would be advisable.

There would be but little use for public mediumship if the private or family circle was generally established in the homes of Spiritualists, or in the homes of those interested in knowing the truth.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—We have probably heard the last of the once famous clock of Strasburg since it is quite eclipsed by "the great World Clock, or the ten-thousand-year-time indicator." It is of German origin, and is the work of many years, by Christian Martin. This wonderful clock is said to mark the years and leap years, and will run for a hundred centuries, when, as its inventor honestly admits, its mechanism will have to be changed (he most likely means repaired). Human life is symbolized by one hundred and twenty-two little figures, that come out of niches set among a large number of dials of various sizes. The minutes are struck, each by a seri-

ous-looking angel, adding impressiveness to the whole construction. We wonder what will be done with the inventor of this timepiece? The man who produced the Strasburg clock had his eyes put out for his genius and pains. The wise heads of that day seemed to think a man had but one pair of eyes, and that no such eyes could ever again be given to another. They have discovered their mistake, and do not now desire to monopolize the product of genius in that way.

## A QUESTION OF EXPENSE.

It is a hard task to please everybody. Whoever tries it will be very apt to find himself pleasing nobody.

Complaint has been made at what some are disposed to regard as an exorbitant charge of a ten-cent admission fee to each lecture at the camp-ground. They seem to think that a single ten-cent admission to the grounds should entitle one to all the lectures he may choose to remain to hear, at least all for one day.

To avoid the nuisance of taking up a collection at each meeting, an admission fee was adopted, as the better plan of the two. And surely, when the heavy expenses of the meetings are considered the fee can not be regarded as too high.

First, the grounds had to be fenced and put in order; a big tent had to be purchased, as it was found that none could be rented; other tents, together with a thousand or more chairs, had to be secured; speakers had to be employed; and then comes in a lot of incidental expenses, the whole swelling to the substantial sum of about \$1,800, which has to be provided for. A few persons have become responsible for these expenses, and it is right that the revenues should be so planned as to release them from their obligation.

This meeting is not a private enterprise. If the receipts should happen to exceed the expenses by a few hundred dollars, and the committee should find that amount in their treasury at the close of the meeting it will not be money wasted. Every dollar will be used for the good of the cause.

Of the policy of charging an admission fee there can be no divided opinion, when it is considered that it is the only way to shut out a large disturbing element that abounds in all populous communities. It might be well to distribute admission tickets gratuitously and liberally among those who would like to attend; but who are unable to do so for want of the necessary fee, small though it be; or who would not attend otherwise. The Committee will probably do so just as soon as they can see their way clear to receipts sufficient to meet expenses.

The Committee are doubtless doing the very best thing possible under the circumstances; and it is gratifying to know that the meeting is certain to prove a grand success. Instead of finding fault, Spiritualists should stand shoulder to shoulder with the Committee, and in every manner possible assist them in their arduous task.

## NOT LOST.

"Lost," is what is said of all worldly things sooner or later; but if what is lost to one is gain to another, there is nothing lost. In fact, we can lose nothing. There are possibilities within each one that must and will be realized to their fullest perfection, some time. Opportunities may, and do come to each one of us, many of which, and often all, go by unimproved, but they are not lost, even to us who neglect them; we are simply left behind, and will have to work all the harder to catch up with those who improved theirs. We shall always have opportunities of gaining in the future what we fail or neglect to acquire in the past, but it is not so well for us that we thus defer our progress and growth. Material conditions—which are always best for us until we have naturally outgrown our earthly vestments—are of uncertain duration, and should not be trifled with; nor would they be if we, from our earliest understanding, were made to realize its true relations in this life to the next.

Here, we are passing a course of study and training by which we expect promotion, but through inappreciation and indifference, we may be a long time in reaching it. But, come it must, in some degree, for while we exist, in any state, we must grow and advance to the extent and capacity within us.

We may get down in the depths of trial and sorrow, but we can not get away from self nor from those benign helpers, who can often do most for us when brought to feel that all is lost without their aid. We rarely call upon God and his angels in success and happiness, when, perhaps, we were never so near neglecting our best opportunity.

The most lively of our thoughts have no relation to any words; at certain times we think as if there were no such thing as language.—CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

This is what always we supposed. Unless, in the progress of ages, thought can be made visible, we must go on agreeing with the conclusions of one who, in desperation said language was designed to conceal our thoughts. This is what it does frequently, and in all cases it disguises them. It is only the more common order of thinking that is capable of being formulated into language. Besides, it is only a few who can sufficiently grasp their thoughts, so to speak, to give them expressions and form. We doubt not there are a great many who so fully realize and feel their inability to do themselves justice, that by them some of the very best thoughts are never given form. Certain it is, that deepest thinkers say the least. They become modest through the invisible ideas that constantly throng the brain, but influx are as incapable of transcriptions as the changeable hues of the morning and evening skies. They come of the soul, and like it, must ever remain void to material things.

—W. J. Colville will teach a class in Mental Science in this city, provided a sufficient number of pupils can be obtained to make it an object. Terms, twelve lessons for \$5. Names may be left at this office, or with G. H. Hawes, Secretary of the State Camp Meeting Board.

## THE OPENING DAY.

Last Sunday was a day of unusual beauty for a San Francisco Summer day. As the sun rose in silent splendor, flooding the rolling hills of San Francisco with radiant glory, the air was soft and balmy as an Eastern spring morning, and the beautiful bay lay smooth and tranquil as a sea of glass—all boding a propitious opening for the Camp Meeting.

A block of land skirting Lake Merritt, at the corner of Oak and Twelfth street, Oakland, had been surrounded with a high board fence and put in order for the camp by the State Committee. A large tent, floored, seated and platformed, had been erected for the meetings, and some thirty or forty small tents, scattered among the live oaks, had been set up for the use of families, all, or nearly all of which were occupied.

Such was the condition of things on the opening day, when the people began to gather for the first lecture. Many were the favorable comments made of the beauty of the location and of the surrounding scenery. Pretty suburban villas dot the landscape, and the sloping hillsides in the distance are flecked and dreamy with sunshine and shade.

The Chairman of the meeting, Hon. Amos Adams, and the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, S. B. Clark, through whose persistent efforts no preliminary arrangement seemed wanting for the success of the meeting, were everywhere present, directing and assisting in getting things into harmonious shape and action.

The morning address was by Judge Holbrook, of Chicago, a clear-headed, practical man, who opened the case with a concise statement of the attitude of Spiritualism in relation to Christianity, showing that Spiritualists had no battle with the churches; but rather that its proofs of a future life were necessary to meet the demands of this materialistic age. The large tent was comfortably filled, and the interest was deeply earnest.

In the afternoon the Hon. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, Past Grand Master of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, occupied the platform, addressing a large and intelligent assemblage. His address, which was given without notes, was admirably and eloquently delivered. It abounded in good, solid sense, and telling points, interspersed with anecdote and personal experience. He urged mediums and Spiritualists generally, to aspire to the highest and best in their own natures—to live nobly and purely, ever seeking their own and their neighbors' truest welfare. Mr. Steele proved himself equal to most and superior to many experienced public speakers.

Last, but not least, came the evening meeting. Long before dark every seat in the great tent was occupied, and many gathered without. The ticket office was closed to many late comers, the committee being unwilling to accept an admission fee when they were unable to furnish seats,—a difficulty that will be remedied with an enlarged tent and a large number of additional seats by next Sunday.

This was the first appearance of the little inspirational wonder, W. J. Colville, who had just arrived from the East that morning to fulfill a month's engagement at this meeting. Mr. Colville is a beardless, boyish, spirituelle looking man, small of stature, but with mighty powers. He has a small but remarkable shaped head, all intellect and spirit, with scarcely base brain enough to anchor him to the earth.

He commenced with an open-eyed invocation to the Divine Spirit of Nature, couched in such tender words and so full of sweet gentleness and pathos, as at once won him a place in all hearts. His address, which followed a delightful solo by a member of the choir, was alike full of sympathy and good will. The burden of his theme was the exaltation of humanity, and the needs of the new dispensation of Spiritualism to meet the hungry longings of the soul for that knowledge and unfoldment which only can bring rest and happiness. His language was the perfection of graceful utterance, without the least straining for effect. His well-rounded and artistic sentences flowed from his tongue in a continuous strain of unbroken melody, while every ear was eager to catch the slightest note of the grand anthem.

After the address and more excellent music, the speaker gave an improvisation of a poem on a theme suggested by the audience, in which was displayed much poetic ingenuity.

And thus ended the first day of the State Meeting. The most perfect order prevailed throughout the day and evening—nothing occurring to mar the harmony and pleasure of the occasion.

## PURE SPEECH.

T. H. Youngman had a parrot that he set great price upon, and in its training he was very particular that no one should ever speak in Pol's presence any word that he would not wish her to repeat.

Some children—a few—get as careful training; but supposing all received it? Why, it would work a revolution! Children are but men and women in miniature; their perception, reasoning and judgment are shrewd, quick and correct. Elders talk in the hearing of children as though they were deaf mutes; but the first they really know of their little ones' simplicity and guileless innocence are gone and they are criticising persons and things in language that was unknown to their careful grandmothers.

It is natural, but not inevitable, that children and foreigners learn the slang of a language first, and with greater readiness than its correctness and elegance. This last is deplorable and inexplicable to us. There is nothing more sad and out of keeping with the fitness of things than to hear a child using vulgar and profane language, and yet one can not go upon the public streets without having the ears thus pained. These are children without a childhood, for when innocence and purity are gone they are only little monsters in human shape thrust upon the world like monads with no true abiding place. It does seem that the good angels would take these little waifs, but there is a Providence that wills otherwise, and they stay with us.

WHILE we uphold and sanction mediumship as a divine gift to mortals, we can not possibly endorse those mediums, if others do, who simulate the manifestations themselves when the spirits have not the power to come at will. This class of mediums are proverbially jealous of each other, hence they oftentimes unquestionably deceive in order to gain prominence over their rivals. Some mediums continue to sit for spirit-form manifestations seven and eight times a week, when it is a well-known fact among experienced Spiritualists that it can not be done legitimately. The sooner physical mediums place themselves under the proper conditions the better it will be for all concerned.—BANNER OF LIGHT.

We commend this paragraph to all Spiritualists. It is the only wise course to pursue. If we can not have honest mediumship we had better abandon it altogether, and go back to "faith" for our hope of a future life. But we do have honest mediums—mediums who would spurn to simulate a spirit manifestation. We can develop more of this class if we will only give our spirit friends an opportunity to come to us in our own homes. If Spiritualists will resolutely refuse to countenance deception in mediumship—whether practiced by the spirits or the mediums—they can not fail to bring about better conditions, and better and more truthful manifestations.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Monday is rest day in camp, no meetings being held on that day.

—Mr. David Hughes and Judge Foote occupied the platform at the Camp on Wednesday afternoon.

—On Wednesday evening, at the Camp, Mr. Colville devoted his time to answering questions from the platform.

—A restaurant tent is located on the camp-ground, where a good lunch or a "square meal" can be had at a moderate price.

—Dr. Stansbury, who has been recreating at the seaside for the last few weeks, writes us that he expects to be at the Camp Meeting next week.

—Owing to the crowded condition of some of the meetings at the Camp, the management will enlarge the Pavilion, giving it a seating capacity of nearly 1,500.

—It is expected that Mrs. Watson will consent to speak at the Camp on Sunday morning, June 13th. If she does, she will doubtless have the largest audience she has ever addressed in this State.

—Dr. Charles McLean, President of Mental Science College, San Francisco, will visit Stockton the last week in this month, when he will form a class to learn his new system of scientific mind-cure.

—The *S. F. Daily Report*, of a recent date, contains the full text of S. M. Shortridge's eloquent address, delivered at Fresno on Memorial Day. It is a masterly production, and stamps "our Sam" as one of the first orators of the Golden State.

—The Grand Army edition of the *San Jose Daily Mercury*, just issued, is the grandest effort of interior journalism ever produced in this State. It contains twenty-four pages of carefully prepared matter, mostly relating to the Santa Clara Valley, and its varied attractions, with a beautifully illustrated cover. An edition of 50,000 copies has been published, for general circulation. Such enterprise is deserving of substantial reward.

—It has been freely intimated that the presence and rule of Miss Cleveland in the White House was having a decidedly reformatory and temperate effect. Now some "expert authority" rises and declares that the rule against the sale of alcoholic liquors in the Capitol at Washington is more of a force than ever before. In spite of the gifted Rose the Administration has thus far been a one-sided affair. If all promises are fulfilled, temperance matters may improve in the next two years in and about the capital.

—Labor troubles seem to have reached Alaska. Sitka has a missionary, under Government salary, who, competing with contractors in the construction of a certain building, proposed to employ Indians from his school, at so low wages that men of families and responsibilities could not live upon them, and so presented a petition of remonstrance to Judge Dawson, asking his interference in their behalf. It is more than likely there will be worse than Chinese obstacles rise up in the path of labor when John is disposed of.

—The Londoners had prepared themselves for a disappointment from Liszt, but not such as he gave them. At the Grosvenor Gallery reception the great master delighted all present by taking his place at the piano and rendering some of his own matchless compositions. According to all accounts his seventy-five years have not stolen the cunning from his fingers, though his own depreciation of their present ability caused all to wonder what they were in their younger days. What must be the music of the spheres with all their hosts of embodied harmonies?

—The Richmond (Mo.) *Democrat* of June 3d, contains an eleven column reply to one Elder Creel, in defense of Spiritualism. The editor of the *Democrat*, Jim G. Anderson, is a true Spiritualist, and one who does not fear to affirm his belief, or defend his opinions, through the columns of his paper. He and his good wife stand almost alone in that skeptical community. They are entitled to the blessed thanks of angels and mortals, and from the latter something more substantial than thanks to sustain them in their good work.

THE GOLDEN GATE, of San Francisco, is one of the ablest Spiritual publications in the nation and in the world. Mr. J. J. Owen, the editorial manager, has a reputation as a journalist that extends beyond his State lines, and it is now, through the influence of his paper, widening and brightening as never before. His standard in disseminating spiritual truths is a high one, such as the Coast needs, and such as is demanded by the intelligence of its inhabitants. Sentiments as follow come glowing from his wisdom-guided pen: [Here follows an extract from a recent GOLDEN GATE editorial.] Weekly; eight pages; print clear; \$2.50 a year; 734 Montgomery street.—*The World's Advance Thought*, Salem, Oregon.



## THE MEDIUMS.

The following mediums are in regular attendance at the Camp Meeting:

Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Psychometrist and Test Medium. Residence, San Francisco.  
Mrs. Frank Scales, various phases of mediumship. Residence, Lakeport, Lake Co.  
Mrs. P. W. Stephens, Clairvoyant, Clairaudient and Trance Medium. Residence, Sacramento.

L. Wood, from St. Paul, Minnesota. Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer. Will remain here as a permanent resident.

Joseph Williams, Clairvoyant and developing Medium from Sydney. Will remain here as a resident.

Dr. T. C. Kelley, Magnetic Healer. From San Francisco.

Mrs. Lena Leonard, Magnetic Healer. Residence, San Francisco.

Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Hindoo Crystal Seers, from San Francisco.

Mrs. Erank Thomas, Business and Test Medium. Mining matters made a specialty. From San Francisco.

Mrs. S. Scip, Clairvoyant and Psychometrist. Residence, San Francisco.

Miss Carrie Meyer, Clairvoyant. Residence, San Francisco.

Mrs. M. Miller, Clairvoyant, Clairaudient and Trance Medium. Residence, San Francisco.

Mrs. J. Jackson, Trance and Magnetic Healer. Residence, San Jose.

Mrs. Kohn, Test Medium. Residence, San Jose.

Mrs. E. A. Hammett, Test Medium and Healer. Residence, San Francisco.

Mrs. W. H. King, Trance and Test Medium. Residence, San Diego.

There are a number of other mediums doing business in this city whose duties require their presence at home, but who will visit the camp occasionally.

## CLOSE OF MR. COLVILLE'S WORK IN BOSTON.

—The *Banner of Light* of June 5th gives a pleasing account of the closing incidents of Mr. Colville's work in Boston. On Monday evening, May 24th, a farewell concert was given in his honor, at which over five hundred persons were in attendance. On the following Tuesday all the members of Mr. Colville's classes, and many friends who were invited as visitors, crowded Langham Hall at 3 P. M. to attend the closing session of the class. The lecturer spoke with unusual fire and perspicuity, answering many difficult questions of a metaphysical nature in a manner to call forth loud applause. The exercises closed with the presentation of a very handsome silk purse worked in red, blue and yellow, containing fifty dollars in gold, which Mr. Colville received from Mr. Ernest Howard, the representative of the class, with many heartfelt expressions of gratitude and affection. Commenting upon the colors of the silk, the recipient defined red as love, blue as truth, and yellow as wisdom; love, wisdom and truth are the three spiritual primaries without which we can not possess the pure white ray of spiritual perfection. The *Banner* says: "A report is now in circulation that the Berkeley Hall Society have leased Parker Memorial Hall for next season, and that Mr. Colville is negotiating for a fine house in a central location where a great amount of spiritual work will be attempted. One thing is certain, and that is that this popular trance-medium never left Boston with more if as many friends to wish him Godspeed and a safe return to us as this season."

## SPIRITUALISM AT YALE COLLEGE.

—According to the New Haven (Ct.) *Morning News*, Spiritualism is the subject of talk, experiment and belief in the best circles of social life in that city. Mr. John Hooker, a Yale man and reporter of the Supreme Court, is said to be "the most ardent disciple of spirit-communication in Connecticut." The *News* credits an eminent Professor in Yale College (Prof. Lyman, we understand) as having said: "Spiritualism can not be ignored. Narrow-minded and prejudiced people may laugh at and poo-poo it, but if they will look at the matter fairly and candidly, they will find in it much that is worthy of calm consideration. Spiritualism," said the Professor above quoted, "is growing in the world. It may surprise you to know that within the limits of civilization over one hundred journals are devoted to the theory. Spiritualism has many distinguished devotees here, in England and in Germany. Members of the English nobility are believers, as are eminent British University professors and scientists." —*Banner of Light*.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Spiritualism, the Common Need of Humanity.

Tracing the world's religious history to the present time, we discover from its varying and conflicting theories, and the increasing tendency of its creeds, rather than to unite in one common idea or conception of our creation, its object, and our duties respecting our present and future existence, a necessity for some universal belief that is both rational and tangible, that will reach and satisfy the spiritual needs of every nation, race and rank on the earth sphere. Something that will put to flight superstitious legends and myths, that so long have swayed the multitude and establish a universal highway upon which we may travel together in harmony and brotherly love, gleaning wisdom and pleasure as we journey onward and upward in search of the highest progressive delights. Progression can not be attained in a moment. I believe from my standpoint that from age to age our world has advanced as rapidly as the laws of a healthy and permanent growth would permit. As fast as humanity has been able to receive and rightly apply the truths that have gradually dawned upon them, just so fast has it been imparted to them; so, during the age of intellectual darkness and ignorance, had the blessed light of our divine philosophy descended in all its brilliancy, the result would have been disastrous instead of beneficial. The world has never been intellectually nor spiritually prepared to intelligently nor properly comprehend and apply beautiful teachings. Little by little has man's

spiritual nature been awakening; farther and farther has his soul been reaching out for clearer light and better knowledge, little by little throwing off the shackles that enslaved their growth, and are seeking liberty of thought and a self-evident truth that will substantiate its enjoyments. It seems to me, from my standpoint and experience, that in Modern Spiritualism this new light that has so lately dawned upon our world, that humanity is as yet hardly able to comprehend or adapt to their spiritual and mental requirements, just the universal boon we have so long craved. It seems to bear upon its approach hope and happiness for every soul who will receive it. It is near and dear to the hearts of every mortal, for it opens the doors between the terrestrial and celestial worlds, and restores to our bereft souls the dear ones who have gone beyond our mortal sight.

Its liberal and elevating influence is already being felt by the creeds and sects of all nations, and ere they are aware, their now honeycombed superstructures must yield to this reasonable and soul-satisfying philosophy that is so surely becoming the established power of the universe. Until this is accomplished—until humanity can see and understand that happiness and true development can only result from unity and fraternity, and a true conception of their present and future interests, until the law of divine love shall pervade every heart, until reason instead of worse than idle legends and unreliable authorities that have so long misled and retarded our mental unfoldment, we may expect a continuation of crime and vice, so prevalent in this beautiful world. Herald the approach of this new light, that will warm and comfort every heart and reveal to a certainty the foundation upon which we all stand, and from which we are all destined to rise to the highest attitude of intellectual and spiritual attainments and enjoyments. Spread the glad tidings throughout the world, that those who are now seeking may find, that mourning souls may receive comfort, and the despondent be lifted up; that those who sit in mental darkness may receive the divine light, and the searcher after truth and its accompanying blessings may be made to rejoice, and that finally every soul on the earth plane may experience the beneficial and happy influence of this philosophy of love and progressive delights. That out from the confusion of creeds and diverse doctrines may arise, bright and shining with heavenly brilliancy, one universal sentiment of harmony and brotherly love. Then, Oh, then, will we realize that heaven is begun on this earth. Joys and blessings before undiscovered will surround us and our thirsty souls shall drink of this fountain of life and knowledge and be satisfied. Lift up your hearts, O ye weary ones, for very near you, yea, even at your door, if you will seek it, is this glorious highway, leading to perpetual enjoyments, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!"

ELLA L. MERRIAM.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## The Caffrays.

(The Light for Thinkers has the following timely words concerning the recent exposure of the Caffrays given in New York World.)

To clinch it all, Mr. and Mrs. Caffray are stated as confessing to practicing entirely by fraud. We can not say how much there may be of purchase or bargain, or fright, or falsehood in the statement; but, unless the Caffrays clear the published proofs as being untrue, then they must stand before the Spiritualists and public as arrant knaves and criminal perpetrators of an offence against the most sacred of laws, the holiest affections of human and spirit souls.

There is no crime deserving of more severe punishment than that of personating the spirit friends of mortals. We must protect our genuine mediums. We must also protect them from base accusers.

Let the exposures be clear and positive; and then consign the fraudulent to outer darkness and soul suffering. We have no pity for frauds. Our temerity is from fear of injuring some worthy medium.

Brother Colby endorses Mr. Caffray as a slate-writing medium, but says that if he confessed to fraud in the materializations, his possessing genuine medial power makes it all the worse for him. That is true! A medium possessing spirit power is a worse knave in practicing fraud than an impostor who possesses no gifts at all of the spirit. We can not afford to whitewash fraud because there is some genuine spirit power connected.

Our ranks must be pure! If only a rap can be obtained from purely a spirit source, then banish all other phenomena. It is high time to have only the genuine. We can not afford to multiply a doubtful article for the public gaze, however much it is proper to experiment in private circles.

CHICAGO wants to reduce horse car fares to three cents, and the argument is proposed that if beer is worth five cents a glass, a ride in the horse cars is not worth more than three.

In Iowa 955 women own and direct farms, eighteen manage stock farms, five own green-houses, ninety manage market gardens, thirteen serve as county school superintendents, thirty-seven manage intermediate institutions of learning, one hundred and twenty-five are physicians, forty-nine are registered pharmacists, five attorneys-at-law, ten ministers, three dentists, one hundred and ten professional nurses, and one civil engineer.

## Keep Pure the Temple.

(“B” in Light in the West.)

St. Paul's admonition to the Christians, to keep their bodies "a fit temple for the indwelling of the spirit of God," was most excellent advice; not because it came from him,—for it would have been the same if coming from Confucius, Buddha, or any other good man, but because it is good within and of itself.

There are two senses in which this injunction may be considered: first, as having reference to our spiritual, and, second, to our physical being and the "Holy Ghost," spoken of by Jesus of Nazareth. All spirits are holy, who live a holy life, including those of our dear departed, who we know (at least those of us who have had our eyes spiritually opened) come to us with messages of love and cheer, and it behooves us to see that we keep not only our bodies, but our minds free from all uncleanness, envy, strife or selfishness, so that our magnetism may not be repugnant to them: those of us who are mediums should be particularly careful, not only about our persons, but our associations generally.

Obnoxious food or drink is a generative of foul gasses, and produces an aroma about the body that is disagreeable, even to those in earth life. How much more so, then, must it be to those who live in the upper and rarified air of the spheres, to come *en rapport* with those of gross habits? It must not be thought that our spirit friends do not sense these things, for they do, even to the extent of sometimes making it impossible for them to stay. Who ever doubts that spirits are susceptible to odors should go to some select circle of refined people, and the room will be found odorized with flowers, and the spirits will lose no opportunity of expressing their gratitude to those who provided them.

How a refined spirit must suffer, then, to be compelled, for the sake of meeting and communicating with some dear friend, still in earth life, or to accomplish some great good to humanity, to operate with some filthy tobacco slave, or, what is even worse, a medium whose skin and brain are full of whisky.

There are many persons in the higher walks of life who would make splendid mediums, but they "resist the spirit." Many do so because they are told by the priest of whatever church they belong to, that, "it is of the devil," and others, not church members, are often the slaves of society and the world, and prepare the things of the world to those relating to eternal life. The time will come when such will call for the spirit and it will not answer; for they must be taught the lesson that they can not put off and on the spirit world at pleasure, and when they are launched upon, to them, an unknown sea they will regret their heedlessness,—their utter indifference to spirit promptings. Let, us therefore, keep in mind the admonition, and "defile not the temple."

THOUGHTFUL.—A man in Massachusetts had an unreasonable grudge against his minister that lasted twenty-five years. But at last the hand of death knocked at the door of the parishioner, and he sent, for his pastor. The good man hastily obeyed the summons with a solemn delight, as he being thus called showed a mellowing of the heart of a dying man which promised reconciliation both with heaven and himself.

"You sent for me?" he said, as he approached the bedside.

"Yes," answered the dying man, whose breath was short and difficult, "I have but a few—a few hours to live, and I sent—sent for you to say that—this is your last—your last chance to apologize!"

THE other morning at the Tombs, says the New York *Sun*, before one of our most courteous police justices, a war of words waxed hot and furious between two distinguished lawyers of that locality.

"Sir," said one, in a vigorous aside, "you are a confounded liar." "Sir," responded the other, "you are an infernal fool." "Gentlemen," entreated the courteous Judge, "you will kindly address your observations to the Court."

That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.—W. S. Landon.

## DRS. DARRIN.

A VISIT TO THE ROOMS OF DRS. DARRIN, AT NO. 113 STOCKTON STREET.

During the interim since our last visit the Doctors have enlarged their rooms to accommodate the throng that daily besiege their offices. We happened to call at the Doctors' lunch hour and could see the class of patients who were awaiting their arrival. Their patients rank among the better class of our people, and not a few of them are of the highest class in point of wealth and known respectability. Private family carriages leave their occupants frequently at their door. Scores are cured by this magnetic or vital cure that never appear in print, as none are published unless by permission of the patients. During our visit we took occasion to talk with a number. W. S. Dibble of Berkeley says that his daughter can hear as well as any person living. She was cured of total deafness. His wife is also fast recovering from paralysis. O. Crandal of the American Exchange Hotel, this city, says he needs no further treatment for deafness and catarrh of fourteen years duration. J. A. Kelly of 4 Morrell place, city, has no further use for the Doctors after being cured of catarrh, lung trouble, deafness and ringing in his ears. Mrs. P. Harris son of 255 Jessie street rejoices in the cure of a cough, bronchitis, kidney trouble and weakness of the limbs.

In a conversation upon the subject of lunacy the other day, Dr. Orville Horwitz said: "Farmers' wives and daughters furnish a larger number of patients to hospitals for the insane than any other class of people. This is to be accounted for, of course, by the monotony of their lives. Herders of cattle upon western ranches very frequently become insane for the reason that for months they have no human society. Solitary confinement tells in the same way upon the criminals. Few can remain shut up in a cell alone for more than five years without having their minds impaired in some degree."

## PUBLICATIONS.

## TEACHINGS FROM

## THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

The above pamphlet, by a Boston private medium, is now on sale at the

"GOLDEN GATE" TENT,

On the Camp Ground, in Oakland.

June 12-13

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We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

## GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KRSEY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 12s 6d per annum, postage included.

## PUBLICATIONS.

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TITLE PAGE:

Voices from Many Hill-tops,—  
—Echoes from Many Valleys;

—or the—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona,

In earth life and spirit spheres;

In ages past; in the long, long ago; and their many incarnations in earth life and on other worlds.

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## TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."



## Ingersoll on Death.

(The following is an extract from an oration delivered over the grave of a dead friend.)

Again we are face to face with the great mystery that shrouds this world. We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste seas there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks. In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat. Night has fallen upon noon, but he lived, he loved, he was loved. Wife and children pressed their kisses on his lips. This is enough. The longest life contains no more. This fills the vase of joy. He who lies here clothed with the perfect peace of death was a kind and loving husband and good father, a generous neighbor and honest man, and these words build a monument of glory about the humblest grave. He was always a child, sincere and frank, as full of hope as spring. He divided all time into to-day and to-morrow. To-morrow was without a cloud, and of to-morrow he borrowed sunshine for to-day. He was my friend. He will remain so. The living often become estranged, the dead are true. He was not a Christian. In the Eden of his hope there did not crawl and coil the serpent of eternal pain. In many languages he sought the thoughts of men, and for himself he solved the problems of the world. He accepted the philosophy of Auguste Comte. Humanity was his god, the human race the supreme being. In that supreme being he rested. He believed that men are indebted for what we enjoy to the labor, the self-denial, the heroism of the human race, as we have plucked the fruit of what others planted, we, in thankfulness, should plant for others yet to be. With him immortality was the eternal consequences of his own good acts. He believed that every good thought, every disinterested deed, hastens the harvest of universal good. This is a religion that enriches poverty, that enables us to bear the sorrows of the saddest life, that peoples even solitude with the happy millions yet to be; a religion born not of selfishness and fear but of love and hope; the religion that digs wells to slake the thirst of others; that gladly bears the burdens of the unborn. In the presence of death how belief and dogmas wither and decay. How loving words and deeds burst into blossom. Pluck from the tree of any life these flowers and there remain but the barren thorns of bigotry and creed. All wish for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart there grows this sacred flower of eternal hope. Immortality is a word that hope through all the ages has been whispering to love. The miracle of thought we can not understand. The mystery of death and hope we can not comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love, we wait, we hope. The more we love the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with thorns or flowers, end here. Here success and failure are the same. The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power lose difference and distinction in this democracy of death. Character alone survives. Goodness alone lives. Love alone is immortal.

But to all there comes a time when the fevered lips of life long for the cool, delicious kiss of death. Tired of the dust and glare of day they hear with joy the rustling garments of the night. What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead? Where they have gone reason can not go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands.

## Wonders of the Sea.

(Electrical Review.)

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice at the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down, the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway, the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes, in storms, the waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour,—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height. Hence, a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation

is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year, a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar, a cup is dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhook and the shot slide off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom; and a drop shuts over the cup, to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.

## HOW SHOES INDICATE CHARACTER.

A Spanish shoemaker of a philosophic turn of mind affirms that men's characters and dispositions are more accurately read in the way they wear their boots and shoes than in their physiognomy, or even their handwriting. He says: "Show me the shoes of a man after he has worn them two months and I will analyze for you his character. In your shoes, for instance, I see lack of energy, levity, negligence, and a disposition to evade the fulfilling of disagreeable duties and obligations. The even wearing away of the heels and soles of a pair of shoes shows that the wearer, if a man, is one of good business habits, energetic, prudent, of good head, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. If a woman's shoes are so worn, they indicate that she is, or is capable of being, a good wife and an excellent mother of a family. If the outer edges of the sole are worn away much more than the inner ones, the wearer has an unstable, fickle character prone to ingratitude. If the inner edges are the most worn it indicates irresolution and weakness in a man and modesty in a woman. A few months ago a stranger entered my store wearing a pair of shoes that were very much worn on the outside edges and at the toes, the latter so badly that they were quite broken through, while the other parts of the shoes were almost new. I took care to watch that man while he was near my goods, and when he was gone said to my wife, 'That man is a thief.' The very next day he was arrested by the police for a robbery."

CAN SPIRITS HELP?—This question, says the *Spiritual Offering*, is very well answered by the following extract from a letter received recently. The letter was private, therefore the name of the writer is not given, as we are not sure he would like to have it made public, although there is no positive prohibition. We hope to hear from him again, and certainly hope that by his own determinate will and the help derived from spirits he may succeed in fully overcoming his unfortunately acquired habit; it is easier to do it here than over there. Speaking of Spiritualism, he says: "I must say one word for the cause I love. I have been a man of terribly intemperate habits; have lost many a good situation and nearly all my friends both here on earth and those who have passed over. I have had help from friends in spirit life so that I have not touched one drop of liquor in over a month and they told me if I would only let them manage, self and business both would change for the better. I have tried to follow their instructions. I am somewhat (with increasing power) clairvoyant and there is no doubt in my mind that they have told me the truth."

GATES OF HAPPINESS.—All men and women should rejoice to remain part child all through life, however long its course may run. The games, the dance, the anecdote, the assembly of friends to feast, are as much a part of humanity as its natural power to laugh or to perceive the points of wit. Amusement is one of the forms of human happiness. This happiness, like old Thebes, has a hundred gates for its coming and going—the gate of tears, for man weeps when he is happy, amid music or in re-visiting his mother's home; the gate of pensiveness, for he is happy when he reads "Gray's Elegy" or walks in the rustling Autumn leaves; the gate of admiration, for man is happy amid the beauty of nature and art; the gate of friendship, when heart finds its companion heart; the gate of hope, for man is happy when the coming days are pictured with these angel figures of expectation. Of these hundred gates of happiness, amusement makes one—planned by the Builder of human life. It must open before us and we may all pass in and out as long as the heart shall remain unbroken by death or grief.

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## The Spiritual Nemesis.

(Extract from a lecture by Cora L. V. Richmond.)

Aye! let no one think that Spiritualism offers either a royal road to happiness or a pathway that is strewn with roses and flowers. They are flowers of your own planting, or they are thistles of your own sowing, which you will surely reap. Whatever is in your lives you must gather; you must go into eternity with such sheaves of wheat or grain as your lives have planted. Is this an easy pathway? No. There is no sail that is spread on golden seas of light where the water is red from the blood of innocent victims, that will bear you into Paradise. Only the individual life, only the individual conquest and victory, only that Nemesis that bars the door-way to every Paradise, shuts you out from the Celestial City until you win it. No one can bestow the Paradise, the Heaven, the condition of the blest, nor can you sail among the Celestial Islands, nor arrive at the gates, nor enter the Kingdom Celestial only as you have gained that place by victory over all imperfections. Not only is this not an easy pathway, but it is a pathway which each individual life must experience for him or herself; it is a pathway which each must make for him or herself. You can not walk for the young child though you may aid it in its walking. You can not live the life of your children though you may teach them the way you would like them to go. So with all the teaching and all the helps and all the kindly hands extended from above and from around, every individual must step by step attain the paradise, the true life by his or her own endeavor.

That which comes to you in the nature of punishment, the famous pictures of Hades, the horrors of Dante's "Inferno," the furies of that Hell that is pictured to you, oftentimes by theology, were it a physical thing, would be nothing compared to the searchings of this conscience that is within, the flame that burns what may not be consumed of the life that gives its offerings and tributes to the shadows of the earth and then must stand face to face with those shadows. You who have experienced remorse for any trifling deed, you who have felt the pangs and anguish of having wronged another and perhaps never have been able to make reparation in this life, you will understand how there can be crowded into one moment of agony more horror than all the physical tortures that can be conceived. This Nemesis of which we speak, forever at the door-way of the individual life, forever watching each existence, forever active and on the alert for every individual action, must needs meet you face to face at the appointed day and hour when the spirit awakens from the lethargy of selfishness, mortal selfishness, to a knowledge of the life and light divine. No angel will do other than bend in pity over you; these and ministering spirits will watch and comfort and strive to assuage your grief, and even in the state of shadow there are those who assuage their own unhappiness by endeavoring to minister to those who are more miserable than they, those who have been criminals and outcasts upon the earth, who strive to find those who are in deeper sorrow than themselves. Thus the pangs of Nemesis are lessened. The moment one selfish thought enters the mind of the spirit, that moment the burdens begin to be lifted.

Do not fear; each individual life on earth considers him or herself appointed to be the spiritual Nemesis of some one else, your neighbor across the way, your friend over there, some particular member of the household, that does not conduct him or herself as you wish them to, you are willing to be their Nemesis; if this man does not behave himself you would like to be his executioner; if that one does not perform as you wish him to you would like to be his judge and jury combined, but for the individual ego, this Nemesis at the time is singularly silent, singularly latent, it is only other people's faults that you are measuring, it is only other people's weaknesses that are apparent to your vision, it is only other people's dwellings, whether they are leading lives commensurate with their professions, that you are searching with the spiritual Nemesis as you think. This is a fictitious Nemesis; it is another form of that selfishness for which you alone are to account to your conscience, to your Nemesis; it is another form of that individual pride that must be overcome, not the real voice of the searcher; when that voice comes and cleaves down through the shadows, in which human life is enveloped, it cuts asunder the "Gordian knot" of circumstances, of time and place, and reaches the individual life, reaches the individual conscience, and there wrestles, as the one that wrestled with the Lord. For is it not the Spirit of the Lord that cometh even thus silently, and when you are alone is it not this struggle, that in the very picture of Satan, appears before you again and again? Is not this the Judgment Seat, this power of conscience, this voice within the spirit, that summons you all before it in silence and in the presence of the Infinite God and conscience, which is the judge? For no angels nor spirits are summoned to witness your infirmities or your judgment, no public executioner is there to parade your faults and your penitence to the world, no glib pen or tongue to reveal your emotion or your conduct to vast concourses and assemblies of angels, but only your own soul in the silence of its accumulated shadows, in the great realm of its own transgressions,

made suddenly alive and aware of the voice of that Nemesis crying out thou hast not done as well as thou hast known. Then when the great agony is finished, when the voice of conscience has yielded its power, when the Nemesis has wrought its results, all the healing powers, all the balm of love, all the ministrations of those whom you felt unworthy to be near is poured out upon the spirit, the great heavens are full of light, the stars shine down with the splendor of angel's eyes and the whole world that you inhabit, whether on earth or in spirit life, is illumined with that Infinite Love, the Christ of all truth and love is there, not he who died for you, but he who lived for you, whose illumining power is the love and truth within you, who walks as the Exemplar of all life, whose spirit renews itself in your spirits until you are unafraid; then how sweet, how hallowed, how divine is the dawn of that peace that comes. As a child that has received some little chastisement from the mother and sinks to rest in tears, the sobs dying away softly as sleep closes the eyes, and then when all is forgiven and the kisses are all placed upon the lips and eyes and brow and the little head is folded away to sleep; lo! When the morning dawns the great joy that fills the life of the child for having been forgiven, knowing that the same love and the same trust is there. This is, in a small measure, like that joy that comes unto the spirit when, full of tears, and full of contrition, with one great sob of consciousness of having been wrong; the soul places itself in the arms of Infinite Love and awakens in the morning, forgiven, regenerated, set free, with the glad songs of angels in the ears that are now worthy to hear, with a triumphant love in the heart that can feel the love, and aware that all the time the shadow was not upon the angel side, nor upon the side of God, but only that the individual life had turned away from the light. Thus after the fiery Nemesis has spent its fury and becomes transformed, the individual conscience becomes an angel of light, and you know that the voice and the hand that have excoriated you are the voice and hand of your angel triumphant, and revealed in the presence of God.

## Using One's Eyes.

How many of us go through life without ever realizing that our eyes have to be educated to see as well as our tongues to speak, and that only the barest outlines of the complex and ever-changing images focused on the retina ordinarily impress themselves upon the brain? That the education of the eye may be brought to a high state of perfection is shown in numerous ways.

There are many delicate processes of manufacture which depend for their practical success upon the nice visual perception of the skilled artisan, who almost unconsciously detects variations of temperature, color, density, etc., of his materials, which are inappreciable to the ordinary eye. The hunter, the mariner, the artist, the scientist, each needs to educate the eye to quick action in his special field of research before he can hope to become expert in it.

The following story from the *Penn Monthly*, which is quite apropos, is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of this remarkably accurate observer to have the merit of probability. We are told that once upon a time the professor had occasion to select an assistant from one of his classes. There were a number of candidates for the post of honor, and finding himself in a quandary as to which one he should choose, the happy thought occurred to him of subjecting three of the more promising students, in turn, to the simple test of describing the view from his laboratory window, which overlooked the side yard of the college. One said that he saw merely a board fence and brick pavement; another added a stream of soapy water; a third detected the color of the paint on the fence, noted a green mold or fungus on the bricks, and evidence of "bluing" in the water, besides other details. It is needless to tell to which candidate was awarded the coveted position.

Houdin, the celebrated prestidigitator, attributed his success in his profession mainly to his quickness of perception, which, he tells us in his entertaining autobiography, he acquired by educating his eye to detect a large number of objects at a single glance. His simply plan was to select a shop-window full of miscellaneous assortment of articles, and walk rapidly past it a number of times every day, writing down each object which impressed itself on his mind. In this way he was able, after a time, to detect instantaneously all of the articles in the window, even though they might be numbered by scores.

The increase of population by births in this country is estimated at 3200 a day, or 1,170,000 yearly.

A SINGULAR phenomenon has been observed at Carrollton. Near the residence of A. F. Sharp the rain fell in a circle of about ten feet, and in no other spot. It came in huge drops, and lasted fully ten minutes.

THE Borneo tree toad has a slender body and broad, webbed feet that can spread out to act like a parachute, enabling the animal to leap from a tree top and float through the air for a considerable distance like a flying squirrel.

## Power of Spirits.

(A. A. Walls in Light, London.)

If we reflect on the power of spirits—as visibly and tangibly manifested in the experiences of Spiritualism—on matter, we can not escape, and should not desire to escape from the conviction that their power is likely to be infinitely greater and more universally operative for good and ill upon the individual mind and the individual will. Illuminated by this light we shall find ourselves in a position to account for many of the inconsistencies and aberrations which so painfully perplex us at times in the actions of naturally well-willing men and women, and surely also of ourselves, in the affairs of life. We shall find an intelligible ground, as we would so willingly do, for making many allowances for our neighbors, and for increased watchfulness as respects ourselves, over the impulses and desires by which so much of the action of human life is directed; many of which we shall begin increasingly to perceive do not originate in ourselves but in powers behind us. I believe that Spiritualism has thrown a light upon the real nature of what we call temptation, by the instruction it affords us of the nature of many of the influences working on the human will by the operation of spirits, the value of which in the development of virtue it is impossible to overestimate. So long as we are without this knowledge, we are not only fighting with beasts of Ephesus, but are fighting blindfold. I believe that the time is coming to many of us, because I know that to some it has come already, when we may be able absolutely to identify the temptation of the moment with its original source, to see the infesting spirit, to enforce its departure, and to feel the malign influence passing away with it like a cloud before the sun.

"THIS IS DRAGON'S BLOOD."—Henry Ward Beecher has rarely been more vigorous and searching in his denunciation than he was on Sunday, when speaking of the forthcoming annual parade of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union children, which is managed by the evangelical orthodox young men of that union. Referring to their action in barring out the Universalist and Unitarian children, he said: "This is dragon's blood. It is most contemptible from a human standpoint and disgraceful from the standpoint of Christian churches, which are nearer together than ever before. It is a foul blot on the escutcheon of Brooklyn churches. I protest against it every year, in the hope to see it dissolve like snowflakes under the progressive sun. It is an insult to the face of Jesus Christ. Under the pretense of orthodoxy it is the essence of damnation and the devil." This is strong language, but it must be remembered the situation was a strong one that drew it out. It is one of those acts of intolerance which seem incomprehensible in these latter days of progress, liberality and charity. In "good old colony times," when sect was persecuting sect in the name of God, such action would have been natural. That it should have occurred in the City of Churches in the year of grace 1886, only shows that fanaticism is not dead yet in some places, and that its crust is particularly tough in Brooklyn. A few more such blows, however, as the Plymouth pastor deals it, will eventually break it through.—*Tribune*.

PROHIBITION IN EUROPE.—A petition, signed by 208,827 of the subjects of King Oscar, of Sweden, have in one petition, asked him to absolutely prohibit the liquor traffic. Thus almost thirteen per cent. of the entire population, or about one-third of the adult population of Sweden, have petitioned the King for the total suppression of the liquor traffic. The settlement of this question is in Sweden a royal prerogative, therefore the King can suppress the liquor traffic whenever he chooses, and as some of King Oscar's predecessors have temporarily suppressed it, he has precedents for such a course, although he would be the first to do it at the instance of a general popular demand. The people of Sweden stand, in point of morals, in relation to the other nationalities of Europe, about as Iowa, Kansas, Vermont and Maine stand when compared with other States of the Union; that is, where there is found a greater proportion of intelligence there is found prevailing a higher tone of moral sentiment and consequent desire to remove the causes of ignorance and crime.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Pansies.

BY HARRY W. MITCHELL.

Oh all the flowers the Summer wears  
Upon her warm brown breast,  
Above them all the pansy seems  
Dearest to all the eyes.

Their small, quiet faces often seem  
More than half human, too,  
As from amid the garden beds  
They shyly glance at you.

Look at this big, blond fellow here,  
With sunny beard and hair,  
Mark the complacent glance he gives  
That purple maiden there.

And this one here so tall and dark,  
His plain as plain can be,  
He feels himself a royal race,  
A prince of high degree.

These, with brown faces together close,  
Are talking scandal over,  
For see how shyly they glance around  
While striving to look demure.

This pair, with proud heads turned aside,  
Have quarreled, 'tis plain to see;  
You can almost hear the angry words  
If you listen attentively.

And these, so gaily decked, are out  
For a bit of girlish fun;  
Their mirth shows plain, though they strive to look  
As tranquil as any sun.

Pansies for thoughts, we often say,  
Would every thought we know  
Might be as sweet and bright as these,  
The fairest flowers that blow.

## A Lesson.

"We can not always be giving;  
The woman has come again;  
She has such a winning story  
Of hunger, or cold, or pain;  
She wears with petitions;  
Her Johnny is out of place,  
Her children are sick with hunger;  
I tire of her listless face."

Grand Philip sat lazily reading;  
The crimson gas light shone,  
From a shade that was ruby tinted,  
Its red flakes over his book.  
I thought that he did not notice;  
But suddenly, sweet and low,  
He said with the voice of a dreamer,  
"Don't let the woman go."

And then, with a smile so royal,  
So sweet with pity and pain,  
He called her to his study,  
Out of the merciful rain,  
"Sit down, my friend," he gave her  
The best chair in the place;  
And I saw a quick blush brighten  
Her haggard and listless face.

And then in tones like music  
He sounded her frozen heart,  
Till the thrill of a tender question  
Sundered its ice apart;  
And tears, and sobs and passion,  
Came thick as the midnight rain;  
And she told such a pitiful story  
My own heart throbbed with pain.

"You see," said Philip softly,  
"She is greater than you or I;  
She has struggled and conquered, where we, love,  
Would may be sink down and die;  
She has fought in the dark with demons,  
With evil on every side;  
And Satan hath tried to strip her  
E'en of her womanly pride."

"Love, let us be very tender;  
The lowliest soul may be  
A temple of priceless treasures,  
That only God can see."  
So the woman left our study  
With the face of an angel of light;  
And she is my noblest pattern  
Who came as a beggar that night.

## Compensation.

Is that new world toward which our feet are set  
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget  
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?  
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?  
For who the pleasure of the Spring shall tell,  
When on the grassy slope the brown buds swell,  
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping dew, the blush of morn,  
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,  
The soft air blowing from the freshening seas,  
The sun-flecked shadow of the stately trees,  
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,  
The warm, delicious, happy Summer rain,  
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,  
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze, and sunset's tender light!  
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet  
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet,  
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space  
From snow to roses; and how dear her face,  
When the grass brightens when the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!  
What recompense have we, from thee removed?  
One hope we have that overtops the whole;  
The hope of finding every vanished soul  
We love and long for daily, and for this  
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,  
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song.

—CHAS. THAXTER, in "Century."

## A Woman's Wish.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,  
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,  
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,  
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry  
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,  
And watch it coursing—in its heedless hurry  
Disdaining Wisdom's whistles, Duty's beck.

Ah, it were sweet where clover clumps are meeting,  
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;  
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,  
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast.

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing  
That comes of listening to a free bird's song!  
Our souls require at times this full unheating—  
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.

And I am tired!—so tired of rigid duty,  
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!  
I yearn, I faint, for some life's free beauty,  
Its loose beads with no straight string running through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech,  
But women sometimes die of such a creed—  
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,  
And the assurance they have all they need.

—MARY A. TOWNSEND.

## Rochester Rappings.

[From the Rochester Union.]

To Western New York belongs the distinction of having originated Modern Spiritualism. The initial "spirit rapping" phenomena began in March, 1848, in the family of John D. Fox, in Hydeville, Wayne county, New York. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Fox, only their two younger children, Margaretta, 12 years old, and Kate, 9 years old, were at home when the family was startled by mysterious rappings that were heard nightly upon the floor of one of the bed-rooms, and sometimes in the other parts of the house. They endeavored to trace the sounds to their cause, but failed. It is also alleged that a pattering of foot steps was sometimes heard, the bedclothes were pulled off, and Kate felt a cold hand passed over her face. On the night of March 31st, when the raps occurred, Kate imitated them by snapping her fingers, and the raps responded by the same number of sounds. Kate then said: "Now, do as I do; count one, two, three, four, five, six," at the same time striking her hands together. The same number of raps responded, and at similar intervals. The mother of the girls then said, "Count ten," and ten different raps were heard. "Count fifteen," and that number of sounds followed. She then said: "Tell us the age of Cathy (the youngest daughter) by rapping one for each year," and the number of years was rapped correctly. In like manner the ages of each of four other and then absent children were by request indicated by this invisible agent. Mrs. Fox asked if it was a human being making that noise. There was no sound. She then said: "If you are a spirit, make two distinct sounds." Two raps were accordingly heard.

Three weeks afterwards it was made known by the raps that the body of a murdered man lay buried in the cellar, and the exact spot was indicated where parts of a human skeleton were actually found. The name of the murdered man was given, and it was learned that five years before such a person had visited the house and had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

After awhile the raps occurred only in the presence of the two sisters, Margaretta and Kate. The family having moved to Rochester, the raps accompanied them, and new phenomena, including clairvoyance and the movement of ponderable bodies without appreciable agency, were developed. In November, 1849, the Fox girls appeared in a public hall and the phenomena were freely manifested and subjected to many tests, and a committee appointed for their investigation, which after continuing its experiments there and elsewhere for several days, reported that it was unable to trace them to any mundane agency. Within a few months Spiritualism had thousands of converts and was an established faith.

The three sisters are still living. Leah, now Mrs. Underhill, resides in New York City; Margaretta (Mrs. Kane) makes her home in Brooklyn, and the youngest, Catherine, is living in London, England, and is the widow of an English barrister by the name of Jenkin. The sounds as in 1848, are still heard in their presence. Other and varied manifestations are said to occur in all parts of the world, having been developed by what in 1849 was designated as "Rochester rappings." From these rappings as a commencement has originated Modern Spiritualism.

## Fourth Dimension of Space.

[New Haven Star.]

"What is the connection of the so-called fourth dimensions with the spiritual phenomena such as Slade shows?" a well-known Yale professor was asked.

"Well, the fourth dimension is something I can't define and I guess no one else can. Zollner, the Leipsic professor, now dead, was an adept in the art of spiritualistic communication. He studied Slade's performances with deep interest, and very frequently attended his seances. He could find in the range of human knowledge no explanation for Slade's exhibitions, but he finally evolved the theory of a fourth dimension as the process of Slade's connection with the spirits. You know there are but three known dimensions of mortal objects, and these are length, breadth and thickness. The fourth dimension is something higher than these—a sort of metaphysical entirety that is indefinable but yet possible of existence. Under the fourth dimension theory material objects become immaterial, and on the assumption that such a dimension exists, it is possible to suppose, according to Zollner, that a fourth dimensionable person exists who has power to use this dimension for just such phenomenon as those of Slade. It was on this theory that Zollner explained Slade's wonderful gifts. This discovery of the fourth dimension is now puzzling the scientific metaphysical world. The theory is not by any means rejected. A book has lately been published which gives a metaphysical burlesque of the fourth dimension. It supposes that all men live in only two dimensions, length and breadth. In this view, the world is of course one big plain, with nothing above or beneath it. To people in this plane, the entrance of such an object as a sphere is inconceivable. If a sphere did enter it would to these people leave only a straight line. Well, to three dimensionable people the con-

ception of a fourth dimension is just as difficult as the conception of a third dimension of thickness is to the two dimensionable people. But as I said the theory of a fourth dimension as an explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism is very interesting and novel."

A "MIXED" FAMILY.—"I got acquainted with a young widow," observes a recent writer, "who lived with her stepdaughter in the same house. I married the widow. Shortly afterward my father fell in love with the stepdaughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's stepdaughter is my stepmother, who is the stepdaughter of my wife. My father's wife has a boy; he is naturally my stepbrother because he is the son of my father and my stepmother; but because he is the son of my wife's stepdaughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my stepbrother. My wife also has a boy, my stepmother is consequently the stepister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her stepson, and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his stepister for a wife. I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of my own son, my son is the grandson of my father and I am my own grandfather."

"THE OFFERING" AND "GOLDEN GATE."—We have arranged with Brother J. J. Owen, for clubbing the two papers—both will be sent to new subscribers one year for \$3.00. Never before was there an opportunity to get so much spiritual reading matter for so small a sum. Of the merits of *The Offering* we need not speak; nearly eight years' publication has made the value and manner of its conducting widely known. The *GOLDEN GATE*, published in San Francisco, Cal., is a large, eight page, weekly paper, a worthy advocate of the cause it so ably represents. It has a substantial financial basis, no one need fear a failure. Remit \$3.00 to either office and both papers will be sent one year. We call the attention of friends and canvassers of both papers to this liberal offer, specially to those attending the camp-meetings.—*The Spiritual Offering*.

MRS. RICHMOND AND HER CONGREGATION.—Last week the committee of The First Society of Spiritualists called upon Mrs. Richmond to consult with her spirit guides, asking if the present engagement of their medium could be extended to the 1st of July, and further, to ascertain if the guides would renew the engagement after a vacation of two months. An affirmative answer was given; the meetings, therefore, will be continued through the month of June, and recommence the 1st of September. Mrs. Richmond has spoken already ten years for this society, a sufficient answer to the vain cavilings of unscrupulous enemies. That Mrs. Richmond has the support of one of the most intelligent societies of Spiritualists in the world, and that she has no superior as a truthful exponent of Spiritualism we fully believe. "The society is jubilant over its prospects for the future."—*Spiritual Offering*.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives an account of a feat performed by a new conjurer, Buatier de Kolta, who has just made his appearance in that city. After spreading a newspaper on the floor the conjurer placed a chair upon it, and then asked a young lady to sit down. He threw over her a piece of silk, which barely covered her from head to foot. He then rapidly removed the drapery and the chair was empty. As soon as the amazement of the spectators gave them time to applaud the young lady walked on from the side and bowed her acknowledgements. There certainly was no trap in the floor, the chair was of the ordinary kind, and the trick was done in a strong light. The lady, in fact, disappeared before the very eyes of the audience; but so quickly was the trick done that no one present saw her escape.

LOVE STORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—I suppose you are familiar with the story of Mr. Phillips' marriage—how a gentleman asked Mr. Sumner to act as an escort to a young lady who was going to a convention at Albany, and Mr. Sumner, being unable to go, resigned in favor of Mr. Phillips; how Mr. Phillips acted as her escort and lost his heart to her before he got back; how he called upon her often in this city but was not admitted owing to her feeble health, but finally he almost broke his way to her and offered his hand. She said she would never marry a man unless he would swear eternal enmity to slavery; but it was not necessary for Mr. Phillips to take that oath—he had already sworn it in his heart. So they were married.—*T. G. Appleton*.

MRS. VAN COTT, the evangelist, boasts of 4300 converts added to the church through her personal ministrations. We wonder what St. Paul will say when these figures appear among the quotations of the celestial bulletin-boards as a result of a direct defiance of his express orders that women shall not speak in meeting! And when these regenerate souls appear at St. Peter's portal, will Paul insist on excluding them as the product of non-union labor? These are momentous questions, in view of the present agitation, and there may yet be a trial of strength between a Van Cott and a boycott.—*New Northwest*.

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P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.  
\$5.00 excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.  
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.  
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All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

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